New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Reports from
SCARBOROUGH
& NEW YORK

★

Alexander Werth
PARIS PUTSCH?

★

Francis Newton
NEGRO RELIGION

★

Anthony Carson
ROAD TO GREECE

★

V. S. Pritchett
Edward Hyams
Robert Graves
Tom Driberg
Herbert Agar

Wanted: a Leader

FEW people in any party could have watched without compassion Mr Gaitskell's refusal to accept defeat. But nobody who has the cause of Labour at heart dare refrain, out of sympathy, from assessing Gaitskell's personal responsibility for the far greater disaster which has befallen the Labour Party as a whole. Mr Gaitskell has led the party to its present plight because, despite his able election campaign of last autumn, neither his method of leadership nor his view of Socialism is compatible with a united party.

His present attitude seems to have been assumed in two stages. Unlike Lord Attlee (whose views, where they existed, were of the centre) he has always been an intellectual, a dogmatist and, when judged by the emotive popular tests of recent years, far to the right of the party rank and file. Since 1951 he has stood successively for cutting the Health Service to pay for defence; for German rearmament; for the British H-bomb; against more public ownership. On each of these issues, he has sustained himself, against the feelings of a huge majority of party members, by support from the big trade union leaders at the annual conference and from the trade union group in the Parliamentary Labour Party. From his election to the leadership in 1955 until last year he showed signs of being both adroit and flexible enough to preserve the balance between left and right which Lord Attlee had so skilfully established over the previous 20 years. Thus his leadership, though never genuinely popular, was accepted, and his personal standing was justly high by the end of the election.

October 1959 seems to mark the second stage. Whether from an overestimate, based on his election tour, of his personal strength, or from a failure to analyse the essentials of effective leadership in the amorphous mass of the Labour movement, Gaitskell seems to have formed the opinion that the party could never again win an election on its traditional platform of Socialism and public control; that the course of leadership was to establish a new image for the party at all costs, and specifically to destroy the old one. His version of reformist Socialism (and incidentally of defence policy) was to be rammed down the party's throat. No doubt he calculated that, with the aid of the trade unions, he could still command a decisive majority at essential moments.

It is that miscalculation which has led the party into its present position. For rank-and-file opinion in the unions is not very different from that in the Labour Party; and it is now for the first time in many years making itself felt. The significance of Mr Cousins is not so much his rather muddled views on defence, as the fact that, with the T&GW 'gone democratic', the other 'reliable allies' of the right cannot be counted on to deliver the vote which Mr Gaitskell needs. The significance indeed of Scarborough is not the strategic implication of its unilateralist vote, which still awaits interpretation in policy terms, but its verdict on Mr Gaitskell. For defence was merely the ground on which he chose to have the showdown. If he had cared to fight on Clause Four or on subordinating the Executive to the parliamentary party, or on any of the other shibboleths over which he has clashed with the rank and file, he would have been similarly beaten. The conference in fact has given Mr Gaitskell notice that his brand of extremist leadership is no longer acceptable.

That of course is not the end of the story. Mr Gaitskell was elected party leader by Labour MPs and can be re-elected by them next month. He apparently intends to use his strength at Westminster without scruple and defy the conference; and he justifies this on grounds of high principle. But can he doubt that the consequences of his re-election would be appalling? That the leader's authority would be non-existent? That parliamentary discipline would become impossible? That Labour MPs would be in increasing conflict with the Executive? And that in the constituencies a split of 1931 dimensions would become almost inevitable?

Comments on the Week's News

United Nations

Next Move to the West

K. S. KAROL *writes from New York:* Last Friday afternoon, I had an amicable drink in the delegates' lounge with Mr Vinogradov, the Soviet ambassador in Paris. He appeared very satisfied with the resolution of the five neutral states calling for an Eisenhower-Krushchev meeting – which would, he felt, be a triumph for Soviet diplomacy. Why, I asked, was Krushchev so anxious to meet Ike? 'Nikita Sergevich', said Vinogradov, 'is a very human sort of chap. He likes talking to people. He's talked to a lot of people since coming to New York – including yourself. Why not talk to Ike too?' This, of course, was diplomatic sophistry; but Vinogradov seemed accurately to reflect the Soviet attitude to the proposal, made, after all, as a result of detailed talks between Krushchev, on the one hand, and Nehru, Tito, Nkrumah and Nasser, on the other. Conversely, the proposal visibly embarrassed the US. 'Most of those professing to be neutral have shown in many instances that their neutrality is heavily slanted towards the Communist side of the argument', wrote William L. Ryan in the *New York Post*, while more extreme commentators have openly accused the leading neutrals of playing the Soviet game.

That evening, at a reception given by Afghanistan, I had a few brief words with Krushchev himself, who was even more jovial than usual. He told me, among other things, that he was hoping to eat his New Year's dinner in New York. Did this mean, I wondered, that he regarded the UN session as merely a symbolic confrontation of East and West, and that the real talks with the US would not begin until after a new president had been installed? This seemed logical, always assuming, of course, that Krushchev was still interested in a *detente*.

But has logic anything in common with the fanatical figure of Krushchev as he rants and rages at the UN tribune? Last Saturday, his performance reminded me strongly of his ferocious press-conference during the Paris Summit, marked by an arrogance, a brutality and a total lack of proportion which are positively frightening. We now know quite enough about the man to be certain that these performances are carefully planned. In Paris he shouted that he did not want a Summit; last week he shouted that he did not want East-West negotiations. What, then, does he want? A real trial of strength, or a return to the Cold War?

On this occasion, the admission of China was simply a pretext for yet another attack – and with what violence! – on Hammarskjold, a threat to the very existence of the UN, and an anti-American diatribe of such vehemence as to be almost ridiculous. Carried away by his thumping and threats, Krushchev seemed to forget the ostensible point of his speech, and ruined his case – which was, of course, a strong one. Had he played it soft, his task would have been easy, for the case against Chinese admission, put by the US delegate, was pathetically weak. Krushchev had only to answer his arguments point by point to have almost the entire Assembly with him. Instead, he launched a violent attack against US democracy, bringing in the lynching of Negroes and other irrelevancies. He spoke like a man who believes it unnecessary to convince by argument so long as he has enough rockets behind him.

Immediately after Krushchev finished his speech, and left, much pleased with himself, for Glen Cove, the lobby filled with chattering delegates – most of them stupefied and depressed. I conducted my own Gallup Poll of the neutrals. The Mali delegate who, 24 hours before, had spoken to me of the need for better relations between Russia and Africa, confessed himself plain scared of Krushchev's mood; it was a consolation, he said, to know that the US had rockets too! Mr Popovic, the Yugoslav foreign minister – who on most issues is close to the Soviet line – told me that the speech reinforced his belief that only the uncommitted nations knew how to behave like rational adults. The Indian delegate added that, in his view, Krushchev had come to New York simply to rave at the Americans and to prove to the new African states that Russia is stronger than the US and therefore a more desirable patron. Indeed, this speech seemed effectively to have torpedoed the spirit behind the five-power neutral motion.

True, some Communist bloc delegates tried, rather timidly, to defend Krushchev on the grounds that Chinese pressure obliged him to speak strongly. For them, this argument has become a perpetual refrain, which appears less convincing each time it is uttered. Indeed, it is self-defeating, for what is the point of organising a new summit if, as they say, Krushchev is obliged to wreck it to please Mao Tse-tung?

Then came Krushchev's third speech on Monday. It at least had the merit of clarifying the Soviet's position to some extent. What, in effect, Krushchev was saying was that the balance of power had changed in Russia's favour during the past fifteen years, and that this should now be recognised by the UN; he argued that this argument also applied to the Asian and African states, who remain insufficiently represented in the various UN secretariats. There is a good deal of truth in these claims, but in trying to press them too hard, in speaking too openly of Soviet strength, and above all in choosing the personality of Mr Hammarskjold as the field of battle, Krushchev played straight into the hands of his enemies. His anti-western appeal found no response, even among those neutrals who believe there is some validity in the Soviet case. The West has thus been fully warned of the real nature of the Soviet challenge, and it has now a brief breathing-space in which to prepare its defence.

Indeed, Monday's session demonstrated the essential idiocy of the belief that the neutrals always lean towards the Communist side of the argument. On the contrary, Nehru's speech proved to what extent the neutrals are independent in their judgements and are prepared to side with those who have the better case rather than those who shout louder. But if it is certain that Krushchev put the wind up the Assembly this week, it is equally true that the West cannot consolidate its position without itself taking the initiative. As one Asian delegate put it to me, to say nice things about Hammarskjold in public is not in itself a policy. The West must make positive proposals to prove that, unlike the Russians, its aim is not to dominate the UN and make it an instrument of its policies. Today, it is not enough to defend the *status quo* and accuse Krushchev of trying to destroy the UN; the West must come forward with its own ideas for reforming the UN structure and making it more representative.

The ball, in fact, is now with the West. Krushchev has made his bid. He has said to the neutrals that they must now be recognised as a third world block, enjoying equal rights with the West and East; and the fact that this bid was made in such a way as to render it unacceptable does not mean that the auction is over. It is very definitely continuing, and the West must be ready with counter-bids – particularly in the sphere where it is most vulnerable, the lingering remnants of colonialism in Africa and of Dullism in the Far East. The admission of China and the end of the Algerian War – these are the issues on which the West, by a clean break with the past, can turn a tactical victory into a strategic triumph.

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Scarborough

Shall We Get Rid of Gaitskell?

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* Towards the end of his strange and rather prolonged welcome, the Mayor of Scarborough said that he would like to offer a talking point for delegates to Labour's annual conference. What this talking point was to have been we never discovered, for the delegates now gave His Worship the slow handclap, and he sat down sooner than he had intended. It was as well; for as the conference opened delegates already had enough talking points of their own. These included: Ought we to get rid of Gaitskell? Can we get rid of Gaitskell? and Shall we get rid of Gaitskell?

Conference, of course, was not directly discussing any of these questions. As Mannie Shinwell pointed out, the election of a leader was the business of the Parliamentary Labour Party – though since the executive has now accepted a proposal that decisions of conference shall be binding on the parliamentary party, it would be interesting to see what the latter, predominantly pro-Gaitskell, would do if conference had passed a no-confidence vote in the leader. Conference in fact officially

discussed defence policy, Clause Four, the party constitution and other matters; but whatever the subject, virtually every speaker seemed to have Gaitskell in mind; and delegates' reactions seemed to be guided by whether a point was pro- or anti-Gaitskell.

It had began on the Sunday night when, by the accident of rotation, Walter Padley, Jennie Lee, Dick Crossman and Harold Wilson were the executive's spokesmen at the official demonstration. One delegate, seeing these names on his programme, genuinely believed that he had strayed into a *Tribune* meeting. His impression may well have persisted through the speeches, with Padley thundering in favour of Clause Four, Crossman and Jennie Lee withering the advice to drop its Socialism which 'Tory newspapers' were loading on to the Labour Party, and Harold Wilson going further by saying plainly that this advice was also being offered by others besides 'Tory newspapers'. No names were mentioned here but each condemnation of this advice brought loud applause and a craning of necks towards the recesses of the platform where the rest of the Executive were sitting.

So it has gone on. Conference exploded with delight when Ray Gunter, speaking officially for the Executive, declared: 'I did not join the Labour Party to be a left-wing Liberal'; and as the cheers subsided, one heard a low hissing noise as delegates marked to each other the names of Gaitskell and Crosland. Clearly this conference has identified Gaitskell with a go-slow line and does not like it. His appearances and any references to him have been coldly received, and he himself, sitting silent and withdrawn behind his dark glasses, has looked ill at ease.

When it comes to defence, his uneasiness is shared by many others. Not so long ago, when George Brown, Harold Wilson, Dennis Healey, George Wigg and others were trying to delineate the maximum area of agreement, there was a mood for compromise. Many people who could be called unilateralists were prepared at least to listen to the Brown policy and even, as their hopes of anything better faded, to accept it. Since then, however, there have been the prolonged manoeuvrings by the heads of several trade unions – which have earned them the title here of Senior Wanglers – there has been Gaitskell's flat refusal to enter discussions with Cousins – a refusal which culminated in the Wedgwood Benn caper – and there has been a growing impression that the interpretation which Gaitskell would place upon the official policy differs seriously from the interpretation of Brown himself. As a result of all this I could detect a little spirit of compromise by the time the conference opened. Thus, when Wilson gingerly proffered some arguments in favour of Nato, the reaction of a section of his audience was so hot that Harold quickly sucked his fingers and moved to safer topics.

After the big defence debate, with the defeat of the official policy and the adoption of the extreme AEU resolution as well as the more moderate resolution of the Transport and General Workers' Union, the embarrassments are even greater. The National Executive, it is true, was beaten by only a small majority thanks in part to Gaitskell's own skilful speech. But the fact remains that the party is now landed with a defence policy which the majority of the Executive and of the Parliamentary Labour Party cannot conscientiously accept. Not only Gaitskell but men like Brown and Healey – who have both genuinely worked for a compromise – are now in difficulties and the movement is gravely split. The tragedy of this is that it need not have happened and that it has happened at a time when, on issues other than defence, conference has shown extraordinary unanimity.

Now conference is in direct conflict not only with the leader but with the Parliamentary Party. If a tug of war is to develop between them there is no doubt that the Labour Movement will be torn in shreds. As conference ends with the same talking points with which it began, the opportunity to prevent catastrophe now passes to the Executive and to the Parliamentary Party. The rest of us can only hope.

Commonwealth

A Marriage of Convenience

A Correspondent writes: The recommendation of the Estimates Committee that the Commonwealth and Colonial Office should be immediately amalgamated, contains both common sense and danger. It has long been obvious that with the rapid progress towards independence amongst colonial territories the work of the Colonial Office would shrink so substantially as to lose any justification for a Secretary of State and a large staff.

The case for amalgamating the two offices is therefore obvious. Yet there are objections. The independent members of the Commonwealth have always reacted violently against any proposal which would appear to link them to the same status as colonial territories. What is more, the functions of the two offices are so different that there would be administrative difficulties in combining them. Certainly the further proposal of the committee to have one Secretary of State with three Under-secretaries is high unsatisfactory. At present there are two Secretaries of State, one Minister of State, and two Under-secretaries; the need is for more men to share the increasing responsibilities in the Commonwealth rather than fewer. Perhaps the biggest attraction of the plan is that it would avoid that dichotomy of policy which has so often marked the separation between the two Secretaries of State. The best solution now may be one department with a single Secretary of State, including a number of sections each with its own Minister of State and with staff drawn from all Commonwealth countries.

Two Steps Forward

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The two announcements on Africa made by the British government during the past week are in line with the now established policy of recognising the legitimacy of African nationalism. Mr Macleod may have saved the situation in Northern Rhodesia in the nick of time by agreeing that talks on constitutional reform shall start immediately. This is what Kenneth Kaunda and his moderate supporters needed to save their position against the attacks of the extremists. The suggestion that a new constitution can be discussed during the federal review conference, now likely to be held in December, is a neat way of escaping from the dilemma arising from the Colonial Secretary's previous refusal to consider talks before the conference and the obvious necessity for them to be held before the decisions of that conference had to be put into effect. Sir Roy Welensky is likely to fight Northern Rhodesian reform as bitterly as he will the right of secession from the Federation. He realises that it will be impossible to hold on to the undemocratic federal franchise if both Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia have introduced much wider voting rights. At the same time, reform is bound to lose him the weight of white copper-mining influence; and on this he has always relied more surely than on Southern Rhodesia, if the Africans were to come to power in the north.

It may seem at first sight that the other constitutional announcement is so meagre as to be insignificant. Bechuanaland is to have its first Legislative Council with equal numbers of Europeans and Africans and one Asian. The Europeans and Asian will be elected directly; the Africans through tribal electoral colleges. What has to be remembered, however, is that this is still a primitive and widely scattered territory. The new proposals mark a considerable advance, particularly in contrast to South African policy across the border. They have been produced with the consent of the Africans, who took a large part in forming them. They will certainly be followed by further advance when experience has been gained.

NEXT WEEK

Who Should Succeed Gaitskell?

A survey of the Labour Party crisis

Face to Face

JOHN FREEMAN *on TV interviewing*

Nuclear Campaign

J. B. PRIESTLEY *on the CND's Future*

Trade Unions

Winds of Change

Our Industrial Correspondent writes: While the Scarborough arc lights blaze down on the political activities of the unions, small but important changes have been taking place on the industrial front. Here, too, the T&GW is at the heart of things. In the motor industry their Midlands leader, Mr Jack Jones, has set-up a group of lay members to consider its problems. The London busmen have successfully carried out an inquiry into their industry, organised a petition, put their case directly to Mr Cousins, and even invited members of the public along to hear their case. In the electricity supply industry, the T&GW and the three other unions concerned have decided to meet the challenge presented by the unofficial shop steward committee by establishing an official group with a similarly strong contact with the rank and file. Each of these moves reflects a new flexibility, even if each, in a sense, is a response to pressure rather than a new dynamic inspired from above.

But even if these moves are certainly an advance in that they encourage workers to greater participation both in union affairs and in the shape of their industries, the degree to which they mean decentralisation raises problems for the TUC and, indirectly, for the Labour Party. It is widely felt that the unions need to place more power in the hands of men at regional and factory level; even to create more inter-union groups. But the danger of local bargaining and other forms

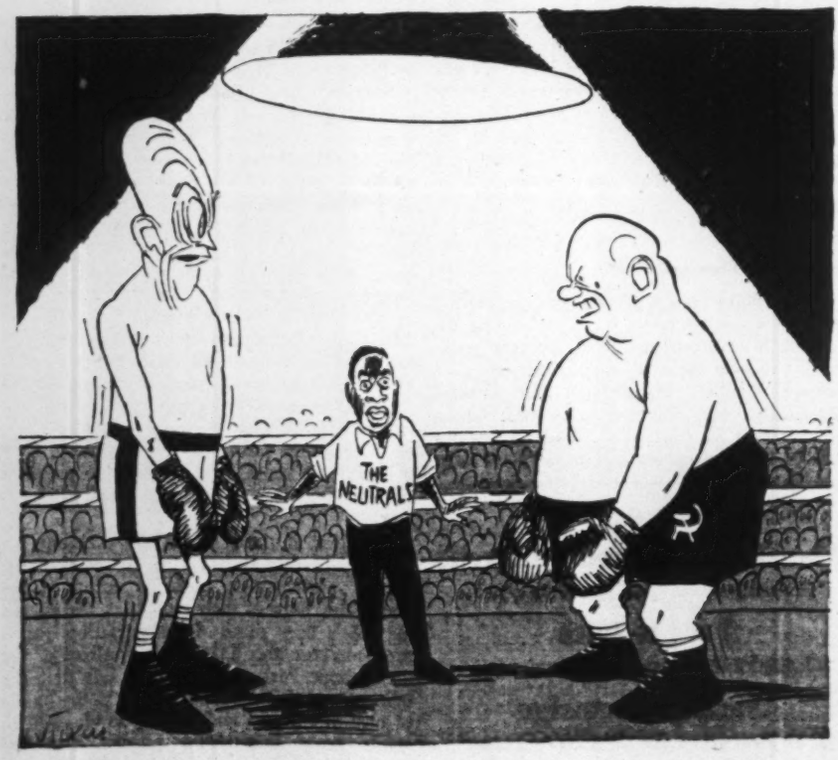
of decentralisation is that, by destroying the effect of national wage agreements, they strike at the whole concept of nationally-organised, mass-membership unions, as well as at a trade union structure which traditionally exerts political and industrial pressure nationally through the TUC. Thus, current right-wing attacks on the trade unions significantly urge local bargaining at the same time as they condemn the political activities of union leadership – thus recognising the possibilities of the one in disturbing the sense of common purpose which the second represents. The TUC has, however, a better chance of meeting this difficulty than has the Labour Party, for example, in meeting another related problem of social change: the reluctance of 'white-collar' unions to affiliate. Recognising the problem, the TUC can urge unions to re-organise their hierarchical structures so that, by greater flexibility, they can encourage more power at shop level while retaining their central influence. It is this which the developments in the electricity supply industry hope to achieve.

The Railways

The Winter Campaign

A Special Correspondent writes: On 17 October 440,000 railwaymen may be called out on strike and hit a severe blow at the nation's economy and their own pockets, and all for the sake of five shillings (or even less) a week for less than half the industry's 110,000 shopmen. It is still possible that the strike will be called off at the 11th hour – as was that threatened exactly nine months ago. The chairman of the BTC is to meet representatives of the NUR and of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering unions whose 35,000 men in the railway shops have made much of the running in the strike demand. There seems, on the facts, no reason why they should not reach agreement since the NUR has agreed to accept the BTC offer of a three per cent raise for the unskilled shopmen – which will bring their wages to the princely sum of £8 8s. 6d. a week, and since the critical margin of dispute this leaves is so small. The NUR and the Confederation want a graduated pay scale for semi-skilled and skilled shopmen, believing this to be in the spirit of Guillebaud. The ceiling which they are demanding is £10 5s. 0d. The BTC is willing to go as high as £10 0s. 6d. But even these figures do not bring out quite the absurdity of the situation, since it is very likely that the NUR would settle for a sum half-way between these scarcely wild extremes.

The crisis however is more than the sum of its detail. In the first place it springs from the not unreasonable suspicion among railwaymen that they are the victims of government policy; that the employers are entrenching themselves behind barricades in preparation for the winter campaign of wage demands. The BTC, they believe, has been commissioned to fire the first rounds in a new battle against inflation. The extraordinary evidence of government interference in the BTC's day-to-day planning, revealed this week by the Select Committee on Nationalised Industries, serves only to confirm this suspicion. In the second place, railwaymen remain acutely aware that prosperity is passing them by. Along with men in other service industries, the affluent society is something which exists around them and in which they do not share. These are the pressures which have built up the critical head of steam and produced the strike threat. Thus Sir Brian Robertson and Mr Sidney Greene are equally victims of militants, but the latter has the better case. Nevertheless the strike would be a mistake if only because the area of dispute appears too small to attract for the railwaymen the public support they deserve and which is traditionally theirs.



'Now I want you to shake hands.'

Crime

Studying the Violent Criminal

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* Few people who read the press headlines about the criminal statistics, though never the *Criminal Statistics* themselves, know that the official figure for 'crimes of violence' includes offences like abortion and concealment of birth. As Dr T. E. James points out in the October *Criminal Law Review* ('a special issue on violence'), sexual offences are never included under 'offences of violence against the person', while 'offences against property with violence' include all the burglaries, housebreakings, and robberies in which (it may be) no-one gets hurt or even frightened. In a penetrating essay on 'The Treatment of Violent Criminals' in the same journal, Mr Gordon Hawkins of the Prison Service Staff College at Wakefield points out that, in 1959, the people found guilty of 'violence against the person' (which does include homicide, wounding, and assault) amounted to less than one per cent of the year's offenders. He comments that 'the punishment of violent criminals is a subject which has always excited popular interest, but clearly the feeling that special measures may be necessary to deal with them at this time is due in part to the belief that in recent years there has been an enormous increase in crimes of violence'. In relation to population increase, he says, the reverse may well be true. The real value of his article is in its revelation that, since our thinking about them is 'pervaded by stereotyped images of the thug and the young delinquent', the violent men still get no special observation or treatment in prison.

Fleet Street

Clouds over Scarborough

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* 'WAITING FOR LEFTY! A Three-Act Drama of Personalities, Passion and Politics,' announced the *Daily Mirror* across its centre pages in a music-hall bill presentation of 'The Incomparable Gaitskell – In His Most Dramatic Role Yet: Will He Be Stabbed in the Back and How Often?; The One And Only Frank Cousins! Does Triumph Await Him – or Disaster?; Harold Wilson The World Famous Tight-Rope Walker; Bill (the man with two heads) Carron and Full Supporting Cast!' No doubt the *Mirror*, which has been trying in recent weeks to hit its old form with a series of large black-type instructions to the Labour Party on what it should do, knows what amuses its readers. But as one went through the rest of the press the *Mirror's* contribution began to seem more and more like a burst of morbid laughter in the closing stages of a murder trial or a coroner's inquest on a suicide. No one doubted the drama, but the fun had gone out of it.

Even the preliminary stories at the weekend lacked the usual fine careless rapture of infinite invention that normally distinguishes the opening Fleet Street fire in press coverage of a Labour Party conference. This time no sighting shots were necessary. Everyone was only too well aware of the field of fire. 'All the secret manoeuvres cannot conceal the fact that the main Labour crisis is not over defence but over leadership. Mr Gaitskell knows that powerful forces are grouping to overthrow him . . .' wrote James Margach in the *Sunday Times*. And despite the flutter of

conjecture as to what might still emerge from Mr Carron's hold-all, few were in any doubt that this indeed was what it was all about, or that the splits in the party were now too deep for any conference attempt to paper them over. It may, however, be significant of something or other that the *News of the World*, which still sells more Sunday papers to more people including particularly more working-class people than any other, and which, having got Diana Dors out of its system, is now actually putting on some steady circulation for the first time for years, came to the conclusion that, so far as its readers were concerned, what the *Sunday Dispatch* described as the Labour Party's search for its soul was of no interest whatever. So far as I have been able to discover, it gave not a single line to the conference or what was likely to happen at it. This may have been editorial eccentricity or a hard-boiled estimate of the actual amount of interest in the future of Labour politics that exists among the mass audience enjoying its weekend off in an affluent society. But it seems worth noting and perhaps pondering on a little when the fighting finishes.

By Monday even those delegates who, when accosted by television interviewers on the front, declared stoutly that everything was all right really and that the Labour Party would come out of the conference more united than ever before (one or two brave spirits actually said this!) must have been finding it difficult to keep on against the tide. 'Split Wide Open' said the *Herald*, which has stopped being 'The Paper That Cares' and become *'Independent. Outspoken!'* Its leading article urged Labour even at this late moment to 'get the feel of the Sixties' and support Gaitskell: 'His ear may be insensitive to the poetry of the Labour movement. But nobody has a sharper eye for its prose.' 'Gaitskell Slammed,' screamed the *Express* across eight columns, reporting the Executive vote on conference control over policy. Inside the Express, *Photonews* gave a pictorial biography of Frank Cousins, while on the opposite page Trevor Evans told *Express* readers 'It's Civil War.' 'Both Mr Gaitskell and Mr Cousins have recognised,' said the *Mail*, 'that all the paper bridges in the world will not span the chasm between them. On personal grounds they are incompatible. On principle they are diametrically opposed.' The *News Chronicle's* contribution, a rather self-satisfied little sermon on how much nicer everything was in the Liberal Party, can have brought no balm to conference wounds. Nor did the *Guardian's* advice to Labour to follow eight 'Texts for Our Times,' all as it turned out quotations from Liberals, assuage feelings which all agreed ('Bitter's The Word' said the *Star* headline) had become more strained and hostile with every passing hour.

By Tuesday, the *Telegraph* ('Gaitskell Fate In The Balance') was reporting: 'Mr Gaitskell's chances of remaining as leader of the Labour Party for long after party conference grew even slimmer last night' – although the *Mail* still believed that the conference vote on defence might provide 'A Photo-Finish.' The *Herald* flung into the battle the results of a public opinion survey of electors showing that 'more than four out of five Labour supporters think that Britain and America should keep the bomb, and only one in five believe there is no need for Nato.' But it did so, one felt, without much confidence, reporting sombrely in a column alongside: 'Nothing has happened at the Party conference to reduce the tension and bitterness.'

Explosion in France

ALEXANDER WERTH

Ninety-nine per cent of French men, women and children returned from their summer vacations without even the foggiest idea that anything was up in France at all. There was, of course, the trial, by a Paris military tribunal, of a 'handful of traitors' belonging to the 'Jeanson Network'; there were also a few cranks – 121 to be exact – who, with Jean-Paul Sartre at their head, had signed a declaration supporting desertion and insubordination on the part of young Frenchmen called up to serve in the war 'against the Algerian people'. The conformist press and the state-owned radio were telling the public next to nothing; and even the small non-conformist press was, for a long time, on the cautious side – certainly not identifying itself in any way with either the Jeanson Network or with the Declaration of the 121.

And then, two or three weeks ago, things began to happen. And now, in these first days of October, a sudden psychosis seems to be seizing people: there is talk of a military *Putsch* happening any day now, not only in Algiers, but in Paris, at Lyons – all over France. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, in *l'Express* of 29 September, goes so far as to say that the two years of de Gaulle have been only an 'interlude', and that the Algiers Revolution of May 1958 is now starting up all over again. 'We are,' he writes, 'on the brink of a civil war situation'. And de Gaulle? 'De Gaulle already almost belongs to the past'.

Let me enumerate briefly the few significant (and often ominous) things that have happened in the last few weeks. First of all, in July, two representatives of the FLN were brought to Melun; and it seemed that preliminary negotiations would start for a cease-fire in Algeria. Then, three days later, the two men were flown back to Tunis, and that was the end of this seeming promising move on de Gaulle's part. Angry protests had, obviously, started pouring in from the army, from the Algiers *ultras*, from that improvised 'Vincennes Rally', where M. Soustelle, M. Bidault and other diehards were now screaming that France was being 'betrayed' by de Gaulle. It was also more than obvious that Prime Minister Debré and his whole entourage were doing their utmost to sabotage the Melun talks, regardless of de Gaulle's personal wishes.

Meantime, on the left, things began to stir. The Declaration of the 121 Intellectuals – which was at first represented by the greater part of the press as an isolated phenomenon – turned out, before long, to be of far-reaching symbolic and perhaps historical significance. In its concluding and crucial, phrase, the signatories 'consider justifiable any refusal to take up arms against the Algerian people, and any help and protection afforded to the oppressed Algerians . . . The cause of the Algerian people, which decisively contributes to the ruin of the colonial system, is the cause of all free men.'

True, the number of people who openly identified themselves with this declaration was very small. Opposition papers like *l'Express* and *France-Observateur*, which had, for years, been clamouring for peace in Algeria, as well as the Communist press, carefully refrained from endorsing this open appeal to insubordination and desertion. But while refusing to identify themselves with Jeanson or his network (several of whose members were last week, after a long and very confused trial, sentenced to long terms of imprisonment), more and more French liberals were stirred by both the Declaration of the 121 and by the Jeanson trial; and more and more people began to understand that the question of whether or not to fight in the Algerian war was now gravely worrying the young people who had been, or were about to be, called up for service in Algeria. *France-Observateur* promised, in its issue of 22 September, to publish an inquiry into the state of mind of the young in respect of military service in Algeria. The paper was promptly seized on instructions from the Ministry of Defence. In the following issue, dated 29 September, it devoted two pages to reactions by young people to this vital problem; again the entire issue was confiscated. It appeared the following day with its two middle pages left blank, except for a few headlines of the unpublished statements – such as 'A JUNIOR LIEUTENANT: The Army is a School of Cruelty and Violence'; or 'A FORMER JUNIOR LIEUTENANT: Inside the Army it is impossible to organize any kind of resistance' – and an editorial note saying that the paper had hoped to publish the views of young people on this vital problem worrying thousands of young Frenchmen, even at the risk of the paper's being confiscated – and ultimately put out of action.

This confiscation of two issues in succession of *France-Observateur* was ominous enough: it suggested that the government had made up its mind to ruin the paper financially. Even more serious has been the series of police raids in the last few days on the homes and offices of a large number of left-wing intellectuals, among them the offices of the left-wing Catholic review, *Esprit*, and the arrest of a large number of persons, including the editor of *Esprit*, Jean-Marie Domenach. Most of these, including Domenach, were soon after released; at least one prominent writer, M. Barrat, was detained by the police and charged with subversive activities.

The big question that arises is this: is the police drive against the left-wing intellectuals – most of whom, like Domenach, could not even be remotely accused of subversion – the action of a bewildered government which fels that it must strike at the left, in order to reassure the extreme right? Everything to-day suggests that de Gaulle has more and more reason to be scared of the army, of the Algerian *ultras* and of their unnamed accomplices in metropolitan France.

The people who staged the Algerian Revolution in 1958, and who hoped then to set up a military dictatorship in France, have been getting more and more active lately. General Salan, the former Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, who was among the first to give a 'Gaullist' twist to the Algerian Revolution, but whom de Gaulle later removed from Algeria after he had openly defied orders, was back in Algiers last month, and declared himself in total disagreement with de Gaulle's Algerian policy, as symbolized by the tentative negotiations with the FLN leaders and by the 'self-determination' slogan. On de

Gaulle's instructions, M. Messmer, the Minister of Defence, summoned Salan back to Paris and notified him that he would not be allowed to re-enter Algeria. But that is not the end of the story. The sad truth is that there are a large number of Fascists and supporters of military dictatorship in both France and Algeria who, for the last two years, have felt cheated and frustrated; and the Salan affair is merely a straw in the wind.

In the last few weeks, more and more evidence has been piling up that the French army is in a state of ferment. As we know, de Gaulle has done a great deal since 1958 to purge the army in Algeria of the people most closely associated with the pronunciamento of 13 May 1958. About 1,500 officers were transferred to metropolitan France or to Germany, or (in some cases) to Black Africa. Two factors have contributed to their renascent mood of insurrection: events in the Congo and in Mali convinced them that de Gaulle's pleasant ideas on 'association' applied to Algeria would inevitably lead to anarchy or internationalization, if not to Communism. Secondly, the Jeanson Network and the Declaration of the 121 convinced them that the time had come for setting up a ruthless regime inside France if 'treason' was to be stamped out.

Other things need recalling. There are some powerful military and Fascist networks inside France. In May 1958 they were ready, for instance, to set up a vast *réseau* of Committees of Public Safety (this was one of Soustelle's and Delbecque's favourite ideas) which would 'aid' de Gaulle to liquidate the last remnants of the republican system. Since then, men like Soustelle and Delbecque have been disavowed by de Gaulle; and Soustelle was, indeed, summarily dismissed from the government after the abortive Algiers *Putsch* of the 24 January – a *Putsch* specifically directed against de Gaulle. The army on that occasion wavered for a few days; then, after receiving certain assurances from General Ely, the Chief of Staff, it supported de Gaulle against Lagaillarde, Ortiz and the other leaders of the *Putsch*. But to-day, it seems, the army is no longer in the same mood.

Meantime, there is a great deal of evidence to show that Soustelle, who had apparently been lying very low ever since his dismissal, has in reality been actively mobilising his supporters at Lyons and elsewhere. Several federations of the Gaullist UNR party, from which Soustelle nominally resigned, are said to be entirely in Soustelle's pocket and up in arms against de Gaulle. Others are, at the sam[illegible]

The Lessons of Ke[nnedy]

THOMAS

Mr Kennedy's speech accepting his nomination as Democratic candidate for the U.S. presidency ushered in a new era in radical politics. On the one hand, his success in securing the nomination was achieved by brilliant stage management and tactics. On the other hand, the tone of the speech showed a remarkable sophistication:

> But the New Frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises – it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend to offer the American people, but what I intend to ask of them . . .
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> It appeals to their pride, not their pocketbooks – it holds out the promise of more sacrifice instead of more security . . .
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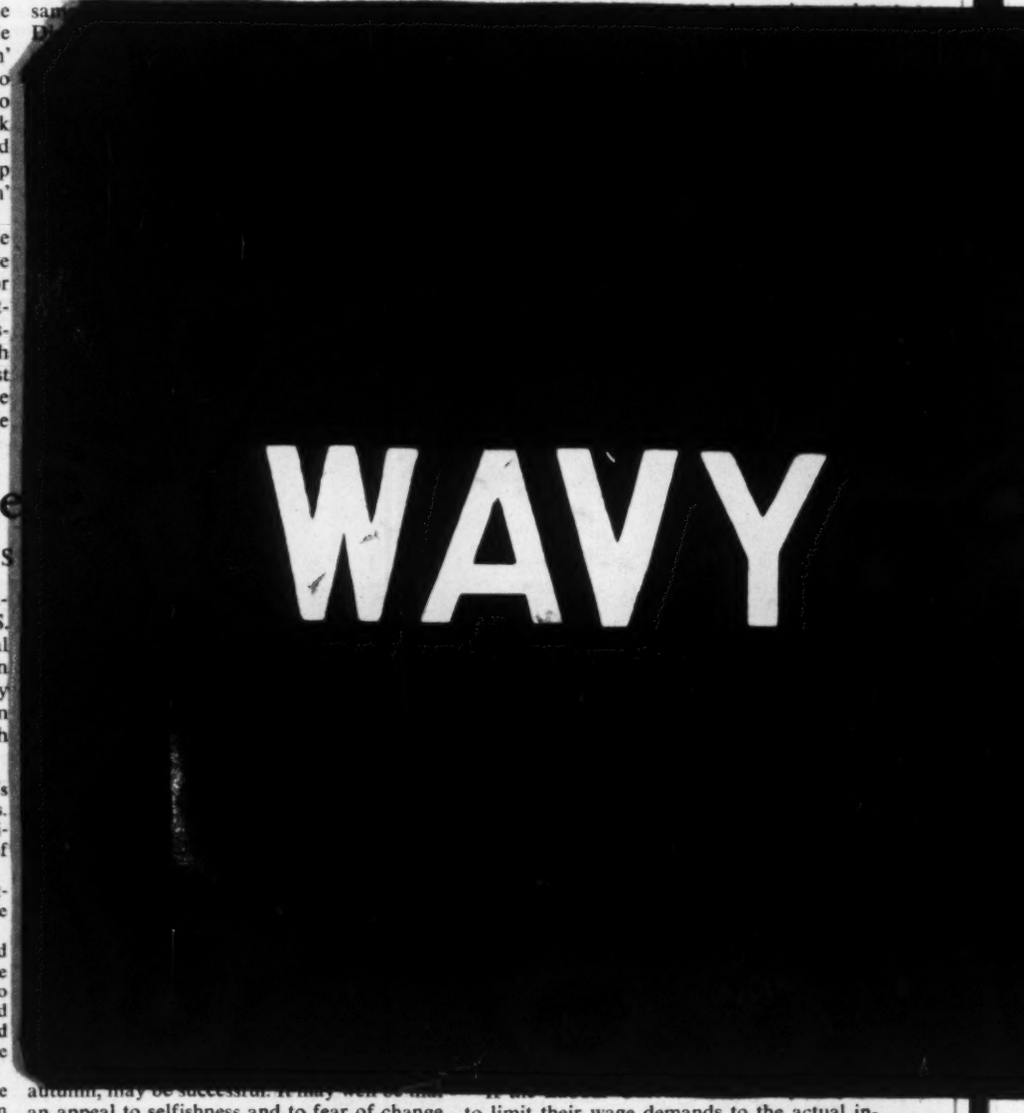
> Are we up to the task – are we equal to the challenge? Are we willing to match the Russian sacrifice of the present for the future – or must we sacrifice our future in order to enjoy the present? . . . .

Thus Professor Galbraith's analysis of the present ills of American society has been fully accepted, and his support of Senator Kennedy against Mr Stevenson in the race for nomination vindicated. The contrast to Mr Gaitskell's electoral tactics could hardly be more striking.

Are there any further lessons to be learned? Does Kennedy's reform platform support our unionists who would like to adopt a similar platform for Britain? My answer is [illegible] an appeal to selfishness and to fear of change will win majority approval also in the United States. But if so, the Democrats, so long as they can hold on to the level of discourse adopted by Mr Kennedy, will not have fought and failed in vain. They will have prepared for an eventual victory; and in the meantime will be able to exert pressure effectively to modify the policies which the wild men of the Republicans would like to adopt, but which the Rockefeller wing opposes almost as harshly as the New Deal Democrats.

The crass contrasts of American life are shocking. The myriads of large cars, the engineering marvels of the new express highways with their gossamer steel bridges, the fleets of yachts, the luxury of food, clothes and household gadgets, all clash powerfully with the stench of unemptied garbage cans and sprawling slums. The emptying farms and sharp local unemployment, the tribulations of old age, unprotected by medical or social care, all seem in jarring contradiction with the private opulence of suburbs. The growing power of the vast, bureaucratic corporations, not responsible to anyone and impinging on the life of most, has created further contradictions. The increasing intensity of the rat race, making for standardization even of private life, seems to clash sharply with claims that liberty and the pursuit of happiness are guaranteed by the democratic accountability of the rulers to the governed. The Republicans, like the Tories, have lost their basic sense [illegible] to limit their wage demands to the actual increase in productivity they will be able to, and will, upset the applecart by demanding more. For how can one persuade them to limit their demands when they see that the most extraordinary efforts are needed to maintain the consumption of the rich merely to ensure full employment? Both an acceleration of growth and a drastic redistribution of income are needed as well as a more progressive direction of the productive effort to attain stability. And failure on that front, as the lesson of 1952 proves, will bring disillusion and defeat for the progressive forces.



Professor Galbraith's dismissal of the need for any growth for so 'affluent' a society as America (in contrast to the brilliant prescience of his diagnosis of its ills) cannot be reconciled with reality. Unless there is growth *and* redistribution, the problems raised by the instability of affluence cannot be solved. And I differ from his view that his programme of social renewal can be attained by basing the taxation required to finance it on indirect excise duties. Not only would they not help in creating an atmosphere of social peace and balance, they would be as resented and unpopular as an increase in direct taxation, while their psychological impact on the trade unions would exacerbate and not diminish wage demands. Nor can social balance be attained by a government having to borrow at extortionate rates of interest. Yet in the absence of some progressive direction of [illegible] it is difficult to see how [illegible]

dealt with without structural change.

There have been attempts lately to view the problems of Britain much in the same light as those of America and, in particular, to equate the tactical needs of the Democratic Party with those of Labour. Nothing could be more foolish. The fundamental trouble in Britain is the sheer professional incapacity of British private enterprise. It is responsible for the continued shortage of basic productive capacity in steel, chemicals and machinery, a shortage which has resulted in the persistent failure of our exports to rise sufficiently and stand up to German and Japanese competition. In Britain imports are of paramount importance; and a threat to our export market by the growing competitive power of Germany or Japan, let alone Russia – all advancing at least three times as fast as ourselves – might mean the difference between painful and slow improvement and a steady downward pressure on our standard of life. Unless Britain succeeds in eliminating her inferiority before the existing cheap supplies of food and raw materials are offset by the pressure on our exports, she will be faced with a task which no democracy has yet tackled successfully. She would have to forgo consuming a larger portion of an actually shrinking national income. Nor should it be thought that this threat is remote. The purchase by Russia and China of relatively small quantities of sugar from Castro has precipitously lifted the price. (Yet Russia benefited considerably: her production-cost

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The repudiation by Mr Kennedy, one of the most ruthlessly successful of political strategists, of the 'soft' line in favour of a call for sacrifice for a better future suggests that a complete reconsideration of policy-making by the Labour Party may be overdue. His example is a heartening call to those who have not deluded themselves into thinking that they can best appeal to the British people by promising to be cleverer in managing a free enterprise system than its actual managers and their friends in the Tory high command. But it would be tragic if Mr Kennedy's platform were taken over as a British Labour programme. We must keep our sense of proportion and not delude ourselves into equating Britain with America – or the fate of Labour with that of the Democratic Party.

Our problems differ in degree so much as to constitute a divergence in kind. Even if one admitted that Americans could solve their social *malaise* and unbalance without modifying the fundamentals of their economic system, there is no justification for such a belief in Britain. And even in America, democratic accountability will not be achieved [illegible] some kind of basic reform of the [illegible]tion and supervision of the great [illegible]ons. What we need to learn from Mr [illegible] is not the constructive solutions to [illegible]blems, which he cannot provide, but [illegible]bination of tactical ruthlessness and [illegible] leadership with which he tackles his

[illegible]ondon Diary

CRITIC

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[illegible]e international TV discussion the other day, I was shocked to hear such intelligent people as Mrs Roosevelt and Boothby give some support to rhetorical nonsense about preferring world destruction to Communism. Individually those of us who would certainly have been liquidated long ago in Communist countries may sometimes feel like this, but a moment's thought must reveal its emotional absurdity. Go to Prague or Warsaw or Budapest, where they have known Communism at its worst, and ask whether ordinary people would like to have an H-bomb dropped on them! John Strachey in the *Observer* took a more reasonable line.

Gaulle's instructions, M. Messmer, the Minister of Defence, summoned Salan back to Paris and notified him that he would not be allowed to re-enter Algeria. But that is not the end of the story. The sad truth is that there are a large number of Fascists and supporters of military dictatorship in both France and Algeria who, for the last two years, have felt cheated and frustrated; and the Salan affair is merely a straw in the wind.

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Something is brewing in France – perhaps something very sinister. This week the question is being seriously asked in Paris whether an army-cum-police conspiracy is not being prepared against de Gaulle, with a view either to eliminating him or to annexing him – on the old principle of *se soumettre ou se démettre*, 'submit or go'.

The Lessons of Kennedy's Campaign

THOMAS BALOGH

Mr Kennedy's speech accepting his nomination as Democratic candidate for the U.S. presidency ushered in a new era in radical politics. On the one hand, his success in securing the nomination was achieved by brilliant stage management and tactics. On the other hand, the tone of the speech showed a remarkable sophistication:

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Thus Professor Galbraith's analysis of the present ills of American society has been fully accepted, and his support of Senator Kennedy against Mr Stevenson in the race for nomination vindicated. The contrast to Mr Gaitskell's electoral tactics could hardly be more striking.

Are there any further lessons to be learned? Does Kennedy's reform platform support our unionists who would like to adopt a similar platform for Britain? My answer is an emphatic No. The American problem, difficult as it no doubt seems to those involved in their great debate, is very simple compared to that facing Britain. Nevertheless, the Labour Party was unable last year to give a similar lead and raise the horizon of British electors, as Mr Kennedy is undoubtedly doing. And he may, of course, yet lose to Mr Nixon. The lines on which the latter is currently conducting his campaign have a familiar ring to them. They are not unlike the tactics of the Tories last autumn. The big argument is that the young Democrat and his aides cannot be trusted to uphold America against Communism, that they are in fact anti-American – engaged in running down America at home as much as Krushchev is running it down abroad. Profuse promises are made by Nixon (again much like the Tories) mixed with charges that the Democrats can't say how they propose to pay for theirs. The Republican appeal to Jack's self-interest, like that of the Tories last autumn, may be successful. It may well be that an appeal to selfishness and to fear of change will win majority approval also in the United States. But if so, the Democrats, so long as they can hold on to the level of discourse adopted by Mr Kennedy, will not have fought and failed in vain. They will have prepared for an eventual victory; and in the meantime will be able to exert pressure effectively to modify the policies which the wild men of the Republicans would like to adopt, but which the Rockefeller wing opposes almost as harshly as the New Deal Democrats.

The crass contrasts of American life are shocking. The myriads of large cars, the engineering marvels of the new express highways with their gossamer steel bridges, the fleets of yachts, the luxury of food, clothes and household gadgets, all clash powerfully with the stench of unemptied garbage cans and sprawling slums. The emptying farms and sharp local unemployment, the tribulations of old age, unprotected by medical or social care, all seem in jarring contradiction with the private opulence of suburbs. The growing power of the vast, bureaucratic corporations, not responsible to anyone and impinging on the life of most, has created further contradictions. The increasing intensity of the rat race, making for standardization even of private life, seems to clash sharply with claims that liberty and the pursuit of happiness are guaranteed by the democratic accountability of the rulers to the governed. The Republicans, like the Tories, have lost their basic sense of purpose and direction. A change is overdue.

But, if a change is overdue, it is not as difficult to secure as it would be in almost any other country of the world. American productive power man for man is at least twice as great as in Britain. This explains how America can support an arms race costing $40,000 million a year or much more than half our total national income, have a private real consumption per head of at least twice ours and still not be fully employed. This vast difference emphasises the wide horizons of choice open to a new US government.

Still, I do not share the hope of Mr Kennedy's other intellectual lieutenant, Professor Schlesinger, expressed in a brilliant pre-election pamphlet written for the Democratic Party, to put everything right by increasing the rate of growth from the present annual 2.3 per cent to, say, four per cent.

An addition of a mere $4 to 5,000 million dollars in this way and perhaps another $10,000 million by increasing employment would certainly not suffice to bring about that revolution in social services, especially educational and medical services, and, above all, in slum clearance and town reconstruction which are so bitterly needed. Most of the increase will be exhausted by the parallel increase in consumption and the school building programme alone would devour half of it over the next decade. The solution of the international crisis created by the growing economic strength of Russia will alone demand thousands of millions of dollars. The underdeveloped areas will not refuse trading with Russia if effective help is not forthcoming from the US. Moreover, and on a different plane of argument, some actual redistribution of income is needed also, because in the longer run the present drive for mass extravagance by the rich cannot be reconciled with the social stability so essential for the political success of a progressive regime. Without a purposive direction of national production and of distribution of its fruits, the social discipline necessary to avoid inflation can hardly be established, even in America.

If the Labour Unions cannot be persuaded to limit their wage demands to the actual increase in productivity they will be able to, and will, upset the applecart by demanding more. For how can one persuade them to limit their demands when they see that the most extraordinary efforts are needed to maintain the consumption of the rich merely to ensure full employment? Both an acceleration of growth and a drastic redistribution of income are needed as well as a more progressive direction of the productive effort to attain stability. And failure on that front, as the lesson of 1952 proves, will bring disillusion and defeat for the progressive forces.

Professor Galbraith's dismissal of the need for any growth for so 'affluent' a society as America (in contrast to the brilliant prescience of his diagnosis of its ills) cannot be reconciled with reality. Unless there is growth *and* redistribution, the problems raised by the instability of affluence cannot be solved. And I differ from his view that his programme of social renewal can be attained by basing the taxation required to finance it on indirect excise duties. Not only would they not help in creating an atmosphere of social peace and balance, they would be as resented and unpopular as an increase in direct taxation, while their psychological impact on the trade unions would exacerbate and not diminish wage demands. Nor can social balance be attained by a government having to borrow at extortionate rates of interest. Yet in the absence of some progressive direction of national affairs it is difficult to see how dear money and credit restrictions can be dispensed with.

Thus in addition to increased direct taxes, some direct controls would seem to be necessary. National greatness, social equality, and thus social contentment, can as little be bought on the cheap as international influence; and Mr Kennedy may yet be forced into damaging admissions by aggressive Republican tactics designed to appeal to selfish motives.

When all this has been said and admitted, it must not be forgotten that the Americans have an industrial as well as an agricultural system brimming with enterprise and crying for expansion. Only constant counter-pressure has restrained them in recent years.

In 1950, in 1953 and ever since 1955 the government again and again had to enforce credit restriction because in the absence of social balance and direct controls industrial investment just ran away with the economy. American productive capacity much more than doubled since the war and there was hardly any occasion when an increase in demand did not almost instantaneously provoke an increase in supply. The rise in American prices cannot be attributed to the backwardness of the American entrepreneur in increasing his capital equipment. This is a fact of immense importance in shaping policy.

Nor should we forget that the American economy is almost impervious to foreign influences. Their imports (important as they are for the world) represent a mere 2.5 per cent of the national income. Their present difficulties have been brought about by the restrictive policies of the government, mistakenly directed against rising prices, which have limited growth and thus led to a slowdown of exports. Still no one must mistake the basic strength of America: her exports have shot up lately and, with the development of the 'compact' car, European car exports are already in grave jeopardy. Even if American problems seem to demand more drastic methods than Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger wish to admit, they certainly can be dealt with without structural change.

There have been attempts lately to view the problems of Britain much in the same light as those of America and, in particular, to equate the tactical needs of the Democratic Party with those of Labour. Nothing could be more foolish. The fundamental trouble in Britain is the sheer professional incapacity of British private enterprise. It is responsible for the continued shortage of basic productive capacity in steel, chemicals and machinery, a shortage which has resulted in the persistent failure of our exports to rise sufficiently and stand up to German and Japanese competition. In Britain imports are of paramount importance; and a threat to our export market by the growing competitive power of Germany or Japan, let alone Russia – all advancing at least three times as fast as ourselves – might mean the difference between painful and slow improvement and a steady downward pressure on our standard of life. Unless Britain succeeds in eliminating her inferiority before the existing cheap supplies of food and raw materials are offset by the pressure on our exports, she will be faced with a task which no democracy has yet tackled successfully. She would have to forgo consuming a larger portion of an actually shrinking national income. Nor should it be thought that this threat is remote. The purchase by Russia and China of relatively small quantities of sugar from Castro has precipitously lifted the price. (Yet Russia benefited considerably: her production-cost of sugar is much higher than that of the goods, like oil and machinery, she gave in exchange.) At the other end, Russian competition in oil has depressed our revenues from sales to countries as diverse as Cuba, Ethiopia and India. And British productive capacity relative to needs is extremely deficient and stagnant. Our output and income per head is less than half that of the United States. It has been growing at only some two per cent per annum. At this rate we shan't catch up with the US present income for 30 years. Only a continuous improvement of the terms at which we trade with foreign countries gave us that taste of affluence which swept the Tories back to power. A worsening of those terms by only 10 per cent per annum would wipe out all our gains at the present rate and this could easily happen as a result of foreign competition, even if the Russian giant did not wake up to use his strength in foreign trade. For us, at least a doubling of productive investment is needed, and a reorganisation of industrial research and its practical application to production. For us, structural reorganization of an appreciable sector of industry seems essential. Our problems differ fundamentally in extent as well as in urgency from those of America. The Kennedy programme does not support the revisionist case in the Labour Party.

Had the Labour Party concentrated its attack at the time of the last election on the failures of British private industry, instead of quarrelling about the demerits of nationalisation; had they not forgotten that they predicted and denounced in earlier policy pamphlets the failure of steel, shipbuilding, machine tools, and chemicals to expand their productive capacity; had they in a word tried to dominate, instead of depending on, Gallup polls by giving a determined lead on national ownership and national initiative, they could now point to the vindication of their programme. They could, moreover, argue that only the existence of public ownership over a large sector of the economy, and the steadily increasing income from that ownership, could furnish the basis for the achievement of social balance. The degree of control and taxation which will in the end prove inevitable in the absence of public ownership, and the continuous threat of inflation which only the conscious planning of social equity can hold at bay, will in time prove even more unpopular than the extension of public ownership (however modified from its present forms) to which they are the only alternative.

The repudiation by Mr Kennedy, one of the most ruthlessly successful of political strategists, of the 'soft' line in favour of a call for sacrifice for a better future suggests that a complete reconsideration of policy-making by the Labour Party may be overdue. His example is a heartening call to those who have not deluded themselves into thinking that they can best appeal to the British people by promising to be cleverer in managing a free enterprise system than its actual managers and their friends in the Tory high command. But it would be tragic if Mr Kennedy's platform were taken over as a British Labour programme. We must keep our sense of proportion and not delude ourselves into equating Britain with America – or the fate of Labour with that of the Democratic Party.

Our problems differ in degree so much as to constitute a divergence in kind. Even if one admitted that Americans could solve their social *malaise* and unbalance without modifying the fundamentals of their economic system, there is no justification for such a belief in Britain. And even in America, democratic accountability will not be achieved without some kind of basic reform of the organisation and supervision of the great corporations. What we need to learn from Mr Kennedy is not the constructive solutions to our problems, which he cannot provide, but the combination of tactical ruthlessness and strategic leadership with which he tackles his own.

London Diary

CRITIC

To Labour MPs the challenge of Scarborough is to settle the leadership problem. To triumphant unilateralists the challenge is to find a national policy. Let there be no mistake about it. The Kingdom of Britain cannot be taken by storm. A government will not be elected in this country simply on a mandate to abandon nuclear weapons and to stop having US bases in Britain. One of the many reasons for deploring the loss of Nye Bevan is that he understood this. At Brighton he unwisely repudiated his followers, but he was right in seeing that a future Labour Prime Minister who was elected on a unilateralist vote would be involved in a complex operation if he wanted to change Britain's alliances and allegiances and, in effect, tell the world that Britain was abandoning its traditional position as a great power. The next Labour leader who must emerge, if there ever is to be an alternative to Tory government, must state a positive foreign policy. Presumably it will have to be based on joining the non-committed powers in the UN and working out with them a positive economic and defence policy designed to make them independent of the two great nuclear powers. Those who are ready to face this problem might begin by studying the report by K. S. Karol which appears this week on our second page.

* * *

In the international TV discussion the other day, I was shocked to hear such intelligent people as Mrs Roosevelt and Boothby give some support to rhetorical nonsense about preferring world destruction to Communism. Individually those of us who would certainly have been liquidated long ago in Communist countries may sometimes feel like this, but a moment's thought must reveal its emotional absurdity. Go to Prague or Warsaw or Budapest, where they have known Communism at its worst, and ask whether ordinary people would like to have an H-bomb dropped on them! John Strachey in the *Observer* took a more reasonable line.

STEEL—AUTUMN REPORT TO THE NATION

YEARS OF DECISION

Britain's new steelmaking processes set challenge to steel men

THE NEXT TEN YEARS will be decisive for the future of Britain's steel industry. New methods are being developed which will change the established pattern of steelmaking. It is an exciting – and challenging – time.

The big new factor is oxygen. Ordinary oxygen from the air we breathe, but used as a pure gas, *by the ton*. In making steel it removes impurities more quickly and more cheaply than has ever been possible before.

New oxygen-making plant is being set up alongside the major steel works to deliver the gas along pipelines. About 3,000 tons of oxygen a day will soon be available.

Output: a 100% boost

Dr. Colclough, technical adviser to the British Iron and Steel Federation, has been a crusader for oxygen for 20 years. The great change that is making his vision practicable is that oxygen by the ton ("tonnage oxygen") is now available at a reasonable price.

Federation's Colclough
Crusader for oxygen

Dr. Colclough believes that, in Britain, oxygen can be used with greatest effect in the open hearth process, by which 85% of our steel is made. He says, "There is no question but that in the next ten years we shall see a revolution in open hearth steelmaking." Already, at the Appleby-Frodingham works in Lincolnshire, the open hearth furnaces converted to the Ajax process, using oxygen, have achieved outputs of up to 100% above those of conventional furnaces.

Brymbo's Davies
Steel at the cross-roads

"The industry has gone a long way to solving the problems of using tonnage oxygen," says Dr. Colclough, "and many major steel developments of the future will be based on this principle. And by equipping the new oxygen-using plants with dust and smoke eliminators we are reducing the amount of air pollution caused by steelmaking."

Molten metal pours from the new Brymbo furnace, pre-refined with oxygen. This is one of the new developments which are bringing a revolution in steelmaking.

New furnace – new methods

Another enthusiast for oxygen – though using it in quite a different way – is Mr. Emrys Davies, Works Director of Brymbo Steelworks in North Wales, which pioneered the large-scale use of oxygen.

At Brymbo, after the war, they had a blast-furnace (for making iron) and some old open hearth furnaces (for turning the iron into steel). They were also making high-quality steels in electric arc-furnaces, mainly from scrap – because iron from a blast-furnace is much too impure to put into an arc-furnace.

They wanted to go over entirely to electric steelmaking. But it looked as though this would mean that they couldn't use the iron from their blast-furnace at all. Mr. Davies and his team developed an oxygen-blown furnace of wholly new design, to pre-refine blast-furnace iron before it went to the electric arc-furnaces.

Here are the makings of another revolution – because electric steelmakers have been chiefly dependent on supplies of scrap. Reducing this dependence could be very important – so much so that steelmakers as far afield as Japan are extremely interested in what is going on at Brymbo.

Less power, more steel

This completely new process has been embodied, daringly, in a £2 million development scheme, now proving its worth in full production. It has cut the time taken

for the arc-furnaces to refine a charge of metal. It has reduced the electric power needed to refine a ton of steel from 650 units to 400 (quite important, when you consider that the Brymbo melting shop uses 10 times as much power as the whole of the nearby town of Wrexham). Outputs are up *at least* 25% – "a very conservative figure," according to Mr. Davies.

And whereas a Bessemer converter needs re-lining with special bricks after being used 80 to 100 times, the Brymbo pre-refining furnace has already been used 1,000 times. It has produced 25,000 tons and will probably produce 10,000 more before re-lining is needed.

Most important of all, perhaps, the Brymbo process has signposted one possible way ahead for the whole industry: pre-refining can be applied just as successfully to open hearth working. "Steel is at a cross-roads," says Mr. Davies. "The next decade of steelmaking will probably be the most interesting for 100 years. Great developments are taking place."

Oxygen is coming into its own, taking its place alongside iron ore, coke, and limestone, as a basic raw material in steelmaking. Already Britain's steel men can see that it brings higher output and lower costs. It will mean an all-round improvement of efficiency in Britain's already highly efficient steel industry.

Hill of Iron in the Desert

Iron Ore for Britain where the Foreign Legion fought

In Mauritania, North West Africa, the arid gravel desert runs for mile upon featureless mile, on the western edge of the Sahara, covering an area about twice the size of France. Midday temperature goes up to 120°F. in the shade – only there isn't any shade. Salt deposits are still worked by the natives as they have been for 2,000 years. The salt goes on camel-back to Timbuctoo.

This remote region will soon become important to the steelmakers of Britain. For deep in the sun-scorched interior is a range of barren hills, rising a sheer 1,500 feet above the desert, and here geologists have found vast quantities of iron ore. There are proved deposits of 100,000,000 tons, and an estimated total of 250,000,000 tons – all high-grade material.

But while it remains in the middle of the desert, the iron ore is valueless. To be of any use, it must go to the great industrial steelmaking centres of the world.

To the sea

First it must travel 400 miles across the desert to the sea – and there are no port facilities when it gets there, and no railway or road to carry it. The difficulties are formidable, but a harbour for ore-carrying ships will be built near the small fishing port of Port Etienne and 400 miles of new railway will be laid across the trackless desert. The total cost will be about £50 million. Subscribed capital is £19 million, of which the British steel industry is contributing a fifth, the balance coming from France, Italy and Germany. Loans from the World Bank and the French Government make up the total.

New type rails

Fort Gouraud, where the French discovered the only sweet water well in Mauritania and built a fortress, has grown from a population of 300 to over 1,200. Soon a sizeable mining town will spring up on the site. Drillings have proved the existence of water in underground catchment areas – enough to provide for the needs of a rising population.

An interesting feature of the rail link will be the new-type track in which rails are butt-welded together in continuous lengths many miles long. By cutting out the "clickety-click" this reduces wear and tear on the rolling stock.

Six million tons of ore a year will be mined – of which a million tons will go into the hungry furnaces of Britain's steel industry. Although supplies of home-mined ore are constantly growing, Britain will always need high-grade ore from overseas.

For the future

British participation in this project is an example of the long-term planning which is necessary if our steel industry, with its ever-rising output curve, is not to go short of a basic raw material. Steel will flow from Britain's furnaces, made from ore discovered on the fringe of the Sahara, and brought out across some of the most difficult and forbidding terrain in the world.

Issued by the British Iron and Steel Federation

The only quarrel, indeed, I had with his easy demolition of current theories of defence in our nuclear age is that he omitted to discuss the position which I think is held by the great majority of thinking members of the CND. It comes quite simply to this: Russia and America roughly balance, and everyone agrees in hoping that they will scale down their armaments, but it is illusory to hope that Britain has much influence on the arms policy of either of them. Therefore, CND members ask, is it not absurd for Britain, the most vulnerable spot in the world, to present itself as a target? It is not even quite certain that America would come into the war if Russia were to decide to wipe us out in an hour or two. Therefore, we are rather safer without nuclear weapons and bases than if we had them. This seems to me a realistic argument and one by which the British people may quite possibly become converted.

★ ★ ★

No one can help laughing at the news that the Rev Michael Scott had sent an invitation to join in civil disobedience to John Connell, a likeable and almost apoplectically loyal Tory. But Russell's letter (which was dispatched by Michael Scott) would have been in the headlines soon anyway. People unsympathetic to the idea of law-breaking – and Connell was not the only recipient to feel like that – would feel no obligation to obey the request to keep the letter confidential. Now that this milk has been spilt, the important thing is to get the record straight and avoid bad temper and unnecessary splitting. The facts briefly are these. One of the reasons for the extraordinary success of the CND is that no attempt has been made to impose uniformity on it. There have always been inside the CND a minority group which wanted 'direct action'. The committee's attitude has been to give moral support to individuals whose consciences led them to illegal action, while making it clear that it disagreed about the political value of civil disobedience. Lord Russell, it appears, has now been converted to a belief in illegal action and seems not to have understood that, as the president of the CND, it was impossible for him to start a campaign as if he were a private individual whose action would not split or weaken the Campaign. The committee, when informed that these letters had been sent out, at once summoned an emergency meeting, contacting by phone as many as possible of those members who could not attend at such short notice. This emergency committee was duly informed that Lord Russell had offered his resignation (contrary to public statement). In view of the small attendance it could not consider such a drastic step, but could only re-state that its policy, supported by annual conferences of the CND, was against civil disobedience and in favour of more normal ways of convincing a democratic electorate.

★ ★ ★

I cannot see any advantages in a policy of law-breaking in the circumstances of modern Britain. In any regime, an individual who has a conscientious objection to obeying the law has the right to go to prison in protest. In the conditions of South Africa where civil rights do not exist, brave men must become law-breakers. In Gandhi's India, where Indians, like the Africans today, had no normal means of changing unjust laws, the Mahatma was justified in trying to change them by deliberately organised civil disobedience. The militant suffragettes also had the excuse that they had no votes and they could not obtain a fair hearing by ordinary means. Even so, it is dubious whether they advanced their cause by militancy. None of these presents any parallel with our situation today, where the opportunity for changing by persuasion is unrestricted, and where we have already succeeded in converting a large part, perhaps the majority, of the Labour Party. The effect of some hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of people beginning civil disobedience – whatever that means – is likely to be a violent reaction against the CND. I wonder whether those who advocate this policy really convince themselves that a British government would change its foreign and defence policy because a number of people, who are freely permitted to present their policy by argument, decide not to pay their taxes or deliberately to involve themselves in mass scuffles with the police?

★ ★ ★

The last time I saw Ernest Simon it was to discuss the anti-nuclear campaign before his speech on the subject in the House of Lords. He went much less far than I wanted him to, but that he was prepared in his 80th year to take up this cause with enthusiasm was a consistent climax to a singularly public-spirited life. I have known Ernest and Shena Simon for very many years, both in Manchester and in London. Like Sidney and Beatrice Webb, whose pupils in a sense they were, they worked unceasingly to make themselves experts in chosen fields of local and national government. Their subjects were many, but housing and education came first. They accepted completely the Webbian doctrine of 'accountability'; that is to say, they held that institutions, whether nominally private or public, must be subject to public control. It was exactly right that Simon should become Chairman of the BBC Governors. Here was the perfect type of public institution, responsible and educational, but not part of the bureaucratic state machine. Instead of becoming more pompous and important as he grew older, which so many of his eminence do, he grew more friendly, more human and more radical. His generosity, both to Manchester and the nation as a whole, was proverbial and it almost goes without saying that he was one of the financial supporters of the *Nation*, later of the NEW STATESMAN, and that without him the *Political Quarterly* and the *Universities Quarterly* would not have been founded.

★ ★ ★

The resignation of Anthony Wedgwood Benn from the Labour Party's National Executive left a vacancy, until the end of conference, which would normally have been filled by last year's runner-up. But that was Ian Mikardo and if he had accepted the vacancy he would have been barred from delivering his long-planned attack on the official defence policy. So it was not surprising that the only trace which the National Executive's emissary could find of Mikardo was a rumour, subsequently confirmed, that he was leading a protest march on behalf of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. When this was reported to the National Executive a member hurriedly suggested that, after all, it would be wiser, and in order, to coopt the second runner-up; but a search of the records showed that the second runner-up was Sidney Silverman who, it was reported, was also leading the CND's protest march. The NEC then decided that it could best get through the next few days without a replacement.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A red button on a desk in Harlow Community Association HQ will be pressed to warn the town if an H-bomb is on the way. The man who will press it, if necessary, is Mr H. Sewell Harris, Community Association warden and the town's leading pacifist. And if Civil Defence HQ at Chelmsford telephones an alert to his home he has a four-minute walk to get to the warning button in his office. – *The People* (Montague Calman.)

She continued to dance around the floor allowing the folds to fall to two thicknesses, through which the upper part of her body could be seen plainly. Then, she advanced to within two feet of some of the customers, withdrawing and replacing the veil, added the officer.

Said Chief Supt. Arthur Drury, prosecuting: 'I appreciate your limitations but can you show their worships how she did it?'

And PC Kirsop picked up the green-backed oath card from the witness-box, held it over his chest and lowered and raised it quickly to show the pockets on his uniform tunic. – *News of the World* (E. A. Stevens.)

If you want to register respectable prosperity (perhaps your husband is a company director or a backbench Tory MP) you want something less flashy. A three-quarter coat of Persian lamb looks particularly secure. Beaver or nutria breathe reliability. Avoid fox, a showy fur which is *not* reassuring to the constituents. – *Observer* (M. E. Lansdown.)

As a change from Blackpool we spent our holiday at Bournemouth this year. Never again! Admittedly it's a very attractive spot and we have no complaints about our hotel. But we couldn't find a penny-in-the-slot amusement machine anywhere – not even on the pier. – Letter in the *People*. (James Robertson Justice.)

The End of the Blackhill Campaign

JACK PARSONS

The Allerdean drift-mine has just gone into production a year after I reported in the NEW STATESMAN on the campaign to save Blackhill colliery in Northumberland from closure. The livelihood of Scremerston village depended on the pit, the only one for 36 miles, and though the campaigners had failed even a year ago in their major objective of keeping it open, they had succeeded in important ways. Seventy of them had won jobs at Shilbottle pit to the south, and a licence had been granted to run a private drift mine near the village. The remaining problem was to decide who should own and operate the drift, and this is now resolved: it is the Elsdon Mining Company. This outcome, compromise though it is, is one of the outstanding achievements of the campaign.

The Allerdean drift-site has been transformed since work started on it in May; all that could be seen above ground then was a bit of the brick arch of the tunnel, flooded to the brink, surrounded by dilapidated fencing and overgrown with weeds. The ventilation shaft was stopped with rubble, and all that remained of the surface-works was a crumbling piece of concrete foundation here and there beside the infant spoil-heap – by then a green hillock. Today it is a hive of activity under the direction of Tom Gibson, who used to be senior overman at Blackhill

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and who came back from his new job at Shilbottle for the purpose.

The final stumbling-block before the opening of the drift was that the licence had been issued on behalf of the miners to Gavin Drummond, the union secretary. He thought it his duty to hang on to it until the miners themselves could find the capital and managerial skills to run the drift. In this stand he was supported by several non-mining members of the Blackhill Defence Committee until it became clear that the miners were finding it virtually impossible to raise the funds or find the management. From this point opinion hardened into a consensus approaching unanimity that the licence should be transferred to the Elsdon Company, which had ample reserves and expertise waiting, as it were on the very brink of the drift. The miners and the NCB had only to say the word and men could be at work in a matter of weeks.

The union secretary hung grimly on to the licence, however, until Major Smail, the local newspaper proprietor and perhaps the most resourceful of all the campaigners, conducted an opinion poll of the miners, well-publicised in one of his papers, *The Advertiser*. The results, attested by a magistrate, showed that practically all of them were in favour of the company having the licence so that more jobs would be created immediately; they also wished the Defence Committee to remain in being to see it through. The vicar, Bob Chell, reinforced this with a public challenge in the Sunday papers, and there was no alternative but to transfer the licence.

The NCB agreed, with the proviso that ex-Blackhill miners only were to be employed, and the complicated business of restarting the drift began. Many technical difficulties had to be overcome. Planning permission had to be obtained for the erection of buildings at the site, and the approval of the Tyneside River Board was needed before the millions of gallons of water flooding the drift could be pumped into existing waterways.

Tom Gibson tackled the new task with his usual zest. He found, as the modern pumps gained mastery over the water and the level dropped slowly in the drift, that the roof-supports were in good condition after submersion for half a century. This stroke of luck for the company and the men will permit the maximum number allowed by law in a private mine to be employed sooner than anyone had hoped, and we can now begin to see the campaign in perspective.

The Defence Committee was formed at a mass-meeting of miners and sympathisers in December 1958 and remained active until the final problem of the drift was solved this year. It met in the Miners' Welfare Hall in Scremerston and had 13 regular members, of whom only five were miners, two of them union officials. The rest were civic officials and professional or business men with no previous interest in mining. But social, educational, and even political differences were almost completely submerged throughout the campaign. From a wider standpoint, of course, the campaign was truly political. Here was an *ad hoc* pressure group set up to pursue specific and immediate local ends and operated largely outside the framework of recognised social institutions, all of which had proved totally inadequate to meet the crisis. The NUM acted as if it had done a package deal with the NCB and had nothing but mealy-mouthed regret or downright abuse for these village-Hampdens of Northumberland who refused to submit meekly to their fate. A union official in Newcastle heatedly denied that the NUM had collaborated with the NCB to 'murder' Blackhill, but the miners of Scremerston would take a lot of convincing.

The political parties show up little better, if the admirable activities of a few individuals are left out. None of them appeared to show any real interest in the Blackhill drama, the social cost of pit-closures, or fuel-policy in general. Without their own efforts through the campaign, these miners would have been left to shuffle quietly into the dole-queues and stay there.

But the campaign did not just happen; apart from the wealth of contemporary initiative which went into it, the campaign had historical roots. In 1935 the Scremerston pit was to be closed, and a defence committee formed then raised £3,000 to buy it – so heartening the owners that they decided to keep it going themselves. Other overtones from the same epoch set the recent events in a bitterly ironical context. Many pits in the north were closed in those days or worked part-time, and the union leaders fought unending battles to keep their men off the dole. In the recent struggle to save Blackhill from a like fate one of the leading protagonists was Lord Lambton, the Conservative member of parliament for the area, and his chief opponent was Sir James Bowman, chairman of the NCB. Lord Lambton comes of one of the biggest of the traditional coalowning families in the north. One of their main enemies used to be the leader of the Northumberland miners; his name: Jim Bowman. As is, perhaps, inevitable, the miners ask if it was a reversal of attitude and responsibility such as this that the nationalisers of coal set out to achieve? As Tom Gibson strides up the gradient out of the drift at the end of his day's work, he may well be tempted to reflect on the state of an industry in which he has to wait for his nationalised pit to close and another open under private ownership before he can let rip his enthusiasm for his job and put his ideas to the test underground.

Apart from the real successes of the campaign it would be even more encouraging for a Socialist to be able to report that the Allerdean drift is being worked by a miners' cooperative; but alas it is not. The drift's renewed lease of life is the direct result of a remarkable cooperative effort; but, apart from fair wages, any other rewards will be reaped by a private firm. The miners, reared in an old authoritarian tradition of service bolstered by a rigid and bureaucratic trade-unionism, could not bring themselves to make the final effort to break free. Even had they gone the whole hog and tried to run the drift themselves, they might have been brought low by lack of working capital and administrative skills. Perhaps their decision stemmed from a limitation endemic in our society; perhaps in the circumstances it was wise and correct.

But whatever weight we attach to these and related values nothing can tarnish the magnificently inspired and sustained effort of the campaign. The community which mounted this great effort will never be the same again.

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Road to Greece

ANTHONY CARSON

When I arrived in Venice I found a hotel near the railway station. I like this area of the city the best of all. It is refreshingly dingy, unhistorical, raucous and intimate. The canals are second-class, sad, secretively beautiful and quite unphotographed. They really belong to the Venetian people, whom you occasionally still see in Venice, even as far as the Piazza San Marco. Near my hotel were two strident cafés, mostly populated by men resembling highly-placed naval officers, dressed in magnificent white uniforms and gleaming caps. Inspected more closely, they turned out to be touts of the first-class hotels, motor-coach drivers and guides to Venice by night. I recognised one of them, a man called Mario, attached to the Hotel Lyrico, who wore an enormous RAF moustache. When I entered for a drink, he shouted sarcastic remarks about currency, since, years ago, I had been conveying tourists through Italy and had stayed, with 30 clients, at this very hotel. I felt embarrassed, not in the mood, and took a waterbus to the Piazza San Marco.

Sadly, I was unmoved. Venice, like any exquisite whore, must always be known for the first time. Eventually the ugly finger of San Marco's campanile pointed to the sky, and I landed on the smart, amorphous strand, and edged my way into the Piazza. It was thronged. There seemed to be more pigeons than ever. In five years, I thought, they will have tiny cameras and portable radios. In the noble, cluttered square an orchestra sat enthroned on a dais playing 'In a Monastery Garden', the moist, tea-cake notes lapping at the ghostly stones of St Mark's and flowing into the blue grandeur of the Grand Canal. I walked on to visit the Lyrico. None of the old staff was there, but there was an English lady knitting angrily in the vestibule. The barman pointed out a yacht anchored in the canal. It was sleek, fashionably plump and had a yellow funnel.

Running real cool . . .

Energy creates heat. Energetic boys soon become hot boys, and the heavyweights get hotter than the lightweights. Tyres have to face the same kind of problem, but they cannot stop at the fountain . . .

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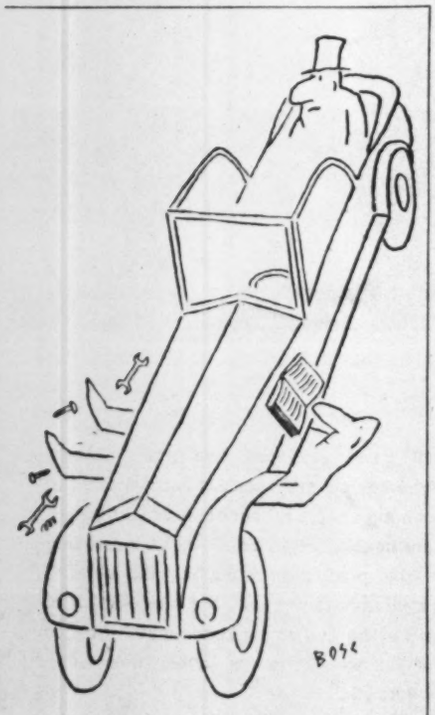
'The *Christina*, Sir', said the barman. 'It's going to Greece and places like that. I think they're waiting for that lady who sings. There's Signor and Signora Churchill and others of note.' I stared at the ship and drank Campari, pretending not to envy them their staterooms, hot baths, super-telescopes and tiny aeroplane. All you had to do was to orchestrate a war, swallow some fairly small millionaires.

The next evening I took the train to Trieste. It was lovely to approach by night, a necklace of lights dancing out into a sea of jet. When I reached the station a harbour security policeman put me in touch with an old man who knew of a near-by pension. He carried my bag across several squares and into a narrow street where we climbed up the staircase of a high, decaying house. An enormous woman answered the door. She must have been at least six feet high and her head was covered with a flannel towel. She smelt a little of gravy. The rooms of the pension were enormous, one could have held a decent reception in mine, but I was visited only by cockroaches.

During the following afternoon, some English sailors appeared from a visiting submarine and we went on a binge. We were accompanied by a few of those strange cosmopolitan civilians who end up in this kind of port and who attach themselves to sailors like parasites. One of them was an ex-all-in-wrestler, another was waiting for a consignment of juke-boxes. In one of the bars a man came up to me, peered at me, and held out a visiting card. On the front was written Carlo Vissi, Dried Fruit Importer, and on the other side, in capitals JEMES JOYCE, written in pencil. 'Did you know James Joyce?' I asked the man in excitement.



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'Not I,' he said, 'but another. His house is far away from here.'

'Could I meet him?' I asked.

'He is dead,' said the man, peering at me. I gave him a drink and we all went on to further bars.

Suddenly, and at the same time as in England, everything started to shut up and doors slammed all over the town.

We went on to a night-club which was filled with submarine sailors. The juke-box man and I were floating on the warm waves of that kind of friendship which begins at two o'clock in the morning and ends at four. By three o'clock he had given me six second-hand juke-boxes and I had promised to write the story of his life. 'It's the film that matters', he cried. 'I will promise to arrange the film', I said.

In the morning I suddenly decided to go to Yugoslavia. Long ago I had chosen this manner of living, earned my bread by it, leaping into the map from joy or misery. There was no other way. The house, wife, children and dog of the apt introvert were not for me, nor the firm friends and the good library. I was a paid stray – completely empty, even leaking, and needed some more good magic. I took a taxi to the Yugoslav consulate. It is miles away from the centre of the town, and you go down a long curving road to small country house. Inside was the usual confusion, a bit more pronounced than in other consulates, and I filled in enormous forms. While I was hanging about, I met a fat French doctor and his wife. He looked froggish and friendly, if a little slow, and his wife was pretty with the air of a sharp young woman walled-up in the provinces. They had a large car and were going through Yugoslavia. 'Could I come?' I asked. The husband give me a slow look and turned me over to his wife. 'I'll leave you half-way', I said.

'Certainly,' said his wife, smiling, and I began sharpening up my compliments.

We drove back to the centre of the town and I paid my giant landlady and collected my bag. Then Henri and I bought a quantity of cheap dinars, had a few drinks, and set off for the frontier. The Italians waved us through, but entering Yugoslav territory was like waiting to be caned by the headmaster; there was a terrible feeling of having to tell the truth and of armed men at dawn. You could only take through a small sum of dinars, and the form said 'All mis-statements will be heavily punished.' At last, however, we were off, driving into a slightly foreboding climate which choked you with dust.

We all wanted to swim and to lie and laugh in the afternoon sun. The very name Fiume evoked water, fountains, laughing girls and even fireworks at night. Even though the lovely Italian name, with its theatrical memories of d'Annunzio, had been changed to Rijeka, the spell refused to evaporate, and we all swallowed the terrible dust and jolted our spines in sweet anticipation of grace to come. Suddenly the town appeared and we were beside the sea. It was a sad sea, somehow grey, and there were little sad, dingy beaches pricked with sharp pebbles and a few people hanging about rather angrily. The town too was sad and angry. Though it was full of people, it felt abandoned and there was a faint hint of excrement and despair. At the petrol station men were screaming at each other, nerves were stretched to breaking point, everywhere was thinness and boredom.

We cruised through the edgy town and at last found a hotel for the French. You went through a hotel, the shouting died, and a headwaiter with a bland Riviera face bowed us into a dining-room covered with a canopy and trailing with vine leaves. There was a crowd of waiters speaking all languages and an enormous menu in English, German, French and Italian. It was an island, rather frightening because utterly contrived. 'I can't really bear this', said Leonie, who, though selfish, was French and therefore intelligent, 'because of all the suffering and the fear outside.'

'What she means,' said Henri, 'is that the modern brain requires an immediate social synthesis for proper salvation.' But by now Leonie was studying the wine list and there was a good Chateauneuf du Pape. We got rather gay and I paid compliments and after dinner we drank banana liqueurs and set off for Split.

Roads in Yugoslavia begin well, but peter out in fascinating chaos. The pits in the road seem to have been excavated by saboteurs, and there are occasional attempts at road-repairs, particularly in the north, which add desperately dangerous hazards. Also, certain anti-social individuals alter the direction of the sign-posts. Within the space of three hours we always seemed to be approaching the same village through the same clouds of dust. Night fell. The air was full of thick disappointment, but quite suddenly the atmosphere changed when the road ahead, under the moon, was filled with bounding hares, huge, beautiful, stupid creatures who ran straight ahead up the road into the hard white eye of the moon. Henri accelerated the car, his square face pressed forward to the windscreen. He had a casual, cruel streak which I got to know later, and one of his favourite pleasures, in the South, was to fill the shells of hermit crabs with vinegar, and then shout into the orifice.

'Don't,' cried his wife, with a pretty show of mercy, but Henri drove on at the leaping hares and the moon.

Quite soon we began looking for bears and wild-cats, and there was an air of real holiday. But it was two o'clock in the morning and even the crazy hares began to pall. We pulled up at a dingy, off-white hotel and knocked and shouted for the proprietor. A very old woman appeared at the door but she couldn't speak English, French or Italian. There was no reason why she should. She stood staring at us while we made signs. Then, suddenly, a window was pulled up and a man shouted in German. 'Pigs and swine,' he cried, 'filthy drunken Americans, let decent people sleep.' Henri understood German and he wanted to start a fight, but his wife held him back. 'We're on holiday,' she cried. We drove on, and in another hour we were back in the same old village. The cocks were crowing. Two hours later we saw the sea.

'We'll sleep here,' said Henri, and ran the car into a ditch. We couldn't move it. We were rocking with sleep. Henri and Leonie slept in the car, as I lay down on the side of the road. When I woke up the sun was streaming down on the sea, and quite close to shore was a sleek, elegantly plump yacht with a yellow funnel. It could only be one ship, one alone. I woke up Henri and Leonie and they stumbled out and gazed at the yacht. 'A great man,' said Henri in English.

A few minutes later Leonie and I were looking for firewood. 'Actually,' said Leonie in French, 'don't you think Onassis is extremely attractive?'

I felt a surge of anger. 'He's just bloody rich,' I shouted.

It's a tissue world

The tissue is becoming almost as universal as the sneeze. To make tissues in Britain Bowaters joined with Scott Paper Company of Pennsylvania to form Bowater-Scott. In Belgium *Les mouchoirs en papier* are now being made for the Common cold Market by Bowater-Scott Continental. And in Italy Burgo-Bowater-Scott provide *fazzoletti* for both *signore* and *signori*.

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Bowaters, now enjoying the fruits of past planning, are planting the seed for future development . . . in many parts of the world.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

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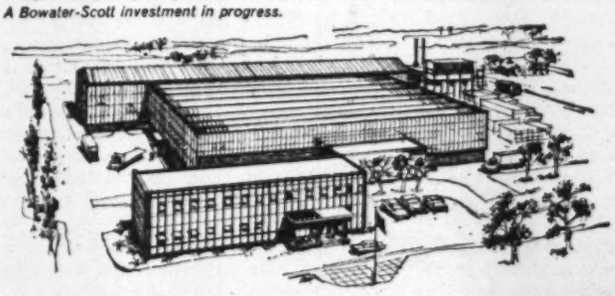

Bowaters . . . investing in progress

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THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Blue Rider

DAVID SYLVESTER

The *Blaue Reiter* painters (Tate Gallery) were a chain of friends who worked in Munich around 1910, sometimes exhibited together (notably in two shows organised by the editors of the almanac, *Der Blaue Reiter*, Kandinsky and Marc) and shared certain attitudes of a rather vague kind – a belief in the primacy of the spiritual and a longing for the interpenetration of the arts combined with a crush on Science, which they thought of in purely romantic terms as a way to the heart of things. (For all their talk of science and philosophy, they were ignorant of current thought in the philosophy of science – their idea of a philosopher wasn't Mach or Poincaré but Rudolf Steiner and Madame Blavatsky.)

They hadn't much more than this in common. Though full of theories, they had no common theory, not even as to whether non-figuration was preferable to figuration or vice-versa: Kandinsky, the main animator of the movement, is unusual, maybe unique, among the pioneers of non-figurative art in having felt no need to convert all his friends from figuration. And they had no common style: the nearest we can get to finding a unifying formula is to say that most of them followed the example of the Fauves in laying a strong emphasis on the primary colours. Some of them took more than this from the Fauves. Gabriele Münter (also at the Marlborough now) was a Fauve painter pure and simple, and few painters have used the language of Fauvism more decoratively. Jawlensky (also at the Redfern now) was a sort of Fauve painter with a peculiarly intense romanticism and an iconic quality which brings the Byzantine background of Fauvism to the fore. Macke, Marc and Campendonck combined elements of Fauve drawing and design as well as colour with cubistic mannerisms picked up from Delaunay. An exhibition of these five painters would suggest that the *Blaue Reiter* was a group with a common style. The point is that this exhibition would exclude the three outstanding *Blaue Reiter* personalities – Klee, Kandinsky and Arnold Schoenberg.

The two heads by Schoenberg at the Tate are possibly the first of his paintings to have been shown here. Almost monochromatic and very fluidly painted, they are haunting images, weird and strained as *Pierrot Lunaire*, counterparts of all that is romantic in his music but not of its formal discipline, and closer in style and feeling to the *Brücke*, and especially Nolde, than to any *Blaue Reiter* painter, even Kubin.

Certainly, the most problematical of the *Blaue Reiter* artists, perhaps of all modern artists, is Kandinsky. By any normal standards of good painting – *any* normal standards, German as well as French – Kandinsky makes it difficult for us to take him seriously as a painter. The want of presence and density in his shapes and colours gives them a slightly sickening effect. In the face of an inability to integrate forms into a continuous texture filling the surface of the canvas and of a feebleness of structure which gives no coherence to strident relations of colour, we feel queasy. There is nothing tangible for us to hold on to; it is as if we were in a small boat out in a rocky sea. Kandinsky talked of creating a concrete art; concreteness is the thing his art lacks most of all. He talked of creating a musical painting which would communicate without reference to things; his paintings couldn't more readily call other things to mind. The works of the *Blaue Reiter* period call up grottoes, mountainous landscapes, the iconography of fairy tales, bacteria under a microscope; those of his middle period look like diagrams of gold courses or fairgrounds; the late ones are like bacteria again, only this time in sharper focus.

The isolation of the idea of musicality in painting was Kandinsky's; musicality in painting is a norm. When we look at a Titian or a Poussin from a distance, we are aware at first only of a configuration of shapes and a harmony of colours which is already meaningful and memorable before we've identified a subject. And Kandinsky is one painter with whom this doesn't happen. As soon as we look at the picture, it starts making faces at us. Paradoxically, it could be said that Kandinsky is the least abstract of painters. He was by nature an illustrator – as his earliest works make plain – and his abstract pictures are illustrations of the idea of painting an abstract picture. Seen from a distance, the only music they make is a jumbled noise.

But move closer to them, physically and sympathetically, close enough not to be disconcerted by the impression they make. Let their colours break over you like waves (as if you had got out of the rocking boat and decided to swim for it). Allow yourself to explore space with their tendril-like lines. In a word, give yourself to these paintings. You will feel that you are moving in concord with the movements of another mind, that the very movements of another mind and not only its conclusions have become yours. These paintings are not expressions, crystallisations of states of mind, of particular feeling-tones, they are gropings after states of mind, they are traces of the process itself of introspection. The very feeling-tone of these Kandinskys of the *Blaue Reiter* period is that of groping, of reaching out into the unknown. Some of them may be rather sad or rather gay or rather expressive of conflict, but their dominant feeling is always this uncertain reaching forth – the *Sehnsucht*, the yearning, that is so familiar in German romantic art here related to the elusiveness of the artist's own feelings.

The incompleteness of these paintings – the way that passages are left unresolved – is something like the incompleteness of an unfinished Cézanne still life. The Cézanne is a record of a groping after the forms of external objects in which honesty compels that what cannot be said with certainty is better left unsaid: a Kandinsky of the *Blaue Reiter* period is its counterpart in terms of a groping after the forms of feelings. The difference is that a Cézanne, incomplete as it is as an investigation, is resolved as a painting, the Kandinsky remains a conglomeration of sensitive gropings in the dark. It is not resolved in the painting as a concrete thing, its resolution only comes about in and through our process of exploration of the painting. In this sense it *is a form of music* – in that it needs time not merely to unfold its secrets but to begin to mean anything at all.

NEW!

Anthony C. West

RIVER'S END and other stories

'The stories collected in *River's End* show Mr. West to possess a powerful and original talent, and a delight in words which sweeps him to the opposite pole from the Hemingway-and-washing-up-water of much contemporary fiction.' Storm Jameson, *The Sunday Times*. 18s

Ronald Blyth

A TREASONABLE GROWTH

'Sensitive, intelligent, humanist and humorous, I find Mr. Blyth's *A Treasonable Growth* distinctly sympathetic. This is a first novel, one of those primal atoms packed with talent and promise.' Maurice Richardson, *New Statesman*. 'both funny and lyrical.' John Coleman, *The Spectator*. 18s

David Lodge

THE PICTUREGOERS

'He has a wonderful eye . . . for the streets, pavements, and pleasures of the prosperous but spiritually desolate suburbs of the 1960's; but being a Roman Catholic Mr. Lodge genuinely sees them against the background of eternity. *The Picturegoers* suggests unlimited promise.' *The Times*. 16s

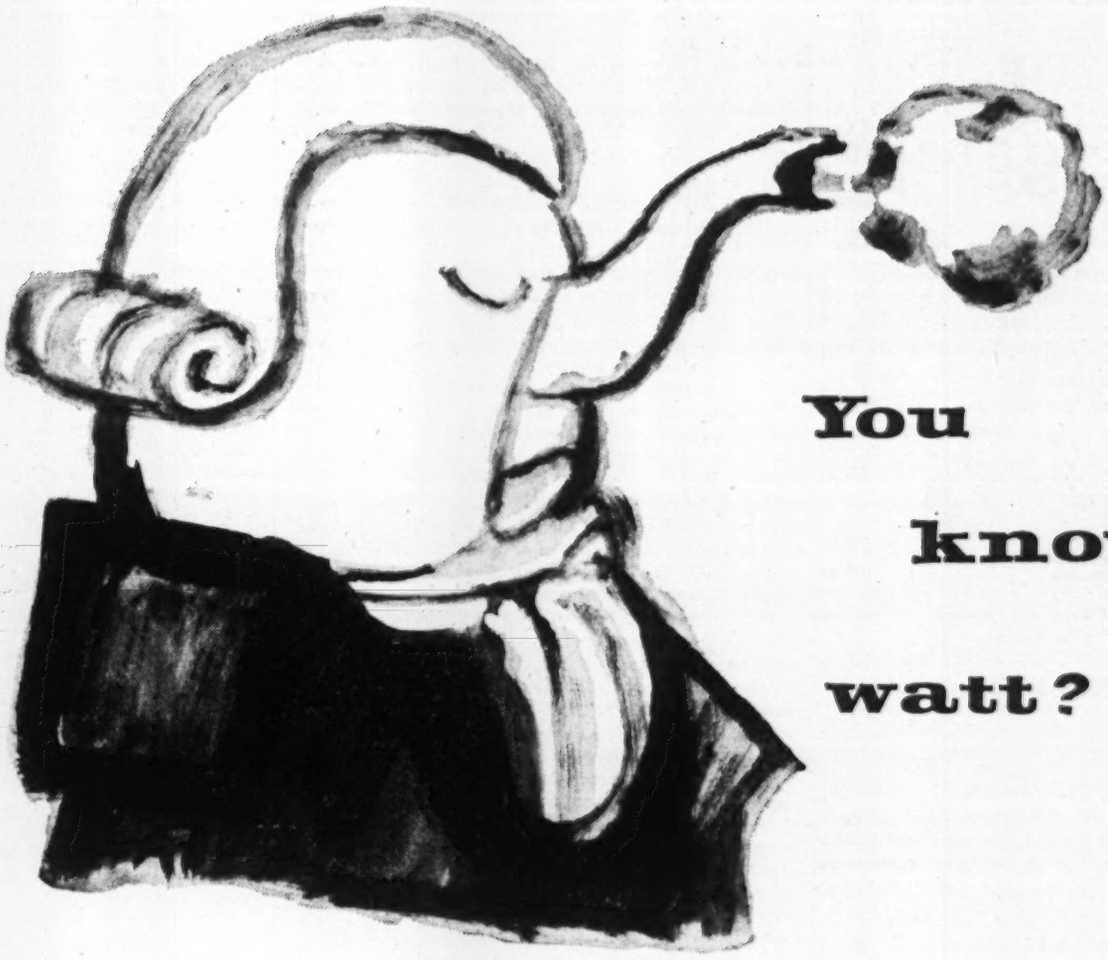
MacGibbon & Kee

In Dodo-land

JEREMY BROOKS

The Dodo is normally represented as a plump, smug, contented bird, full of its own dignity and an obvious celebrant of the Good Life. No doubt it contemplated its own extinction with the comfortable conviction that Dodoical values were immortal, that the Dodo would rise again. Other forms of life which are too top-heavy, unadaptable and sterile to survive, share this conviction, but none, surely, with such complete blindness to the facts as the Dodo-play, a bird whose sumptuous plumage splendiferates in inverse proportion to its ability to leave the ground.

Enid Bagnold's new play at the Phoenix Theatre, *The Last Joke*, is an archetypal example of this form. It has everything: three rich and glorious sets by Felix Kelly; a cast of giants: John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Robert Flemyng, and that sparkling star of *The Reluctant Debutante*, Anna Massey; dresses by Balmain, no less; and a director, Glen Byam Shaw, of unquestionable style and authority. What it hasn't got is a breath of meaning, cohesion, or dramatic excitement. There is one moment in the first act – when Sir John, in the person of an exiled Rumanian aristocrat with a passion for mathematics, brings all his intensity to bear on a description of what it means to have glimpsed the possibility of a fourth dimension – one moment of hope, when possibilities



You know watt?

Which Wat? Watt! *What?* Watt . . . Snap! You know milliwatt? *Millie . . . ?* Watt! Ever meter? . . . (Such levity. Deplorable. Fresh start.)

You make, you test, you check, you measure . . . what? Distance? permittivity? salinity? impedance? wattage? Through long days, summer winter, you are making, testing, measuring, coping. But . . .

Constant problems. Accuracy, speed, accuracy dammit. Semi-skilled staff, homely, neurotic, sweating. Need help. Need instruments strong, subtle, stable, electronic. Friend, you need help real bad.

You know Wayne? (*John, slow on smile, quick on draw! . . . Yes?* No.)
You know Wayne Kerr? Ah. Should!

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Wayne (precision) Kerr are members of Wilmot (capability) Breeden Group. Snap!

Wilmot Breeden

Birmingham, London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Paris, Melbourne

Substitute for polygamy

ONE OF THE odd things about high fashion—and goodness knows it has plenty—is that attitudes to it do not cleave along lines of sex. Almost as many women as men think it impossible; there are as many wives to say, "I wouldn't be seen *dead*," as husbands to cry, "What, *that* thing."

With the designing, and the description, of haute couture, it is quite another matter—though just as odd. Its great designers are men (have they always been, I wonder? Saul clothed the daughters of Israel "in scarlet and other delights".) To write about it evidently calls for a woman.

Fresh and luminous

This seems to me an astonishing ability, and no one that I know does it better than Katharine Whitehorn, the new Fashion Editor of The Observer. It is not merely that she can find words for what, to me, is expressed in vague groping gestures of the hands ("It goes like *this*, and then out, *here*"). They are fresh and luminous words, so that I know not only what the clothes look like, but why they look like that. Her writing has a distinctive flavour: "Fashion is the West's alternative to polygamy: instead of different women, men get the same woman looking different." Or again: "Clothes that keep the same line year after year get to be unbearably dull. And then, to liven them up, you get all sorts of bits and pieces, pompons and capes and wacky little seamings."

This sort of thing can be enjoyed and understood by anybody, whether they can wear the clothes or not. Miss Whitehorn makes one feel one would like to meet her.

But do not imagine that her colleagues on the women's pages of The Observer are in any danger of being outshone. Patience Gray on shopping; Eirlys Roberts of "Which", a most welcome guest; Syllabub on cooking; the wide-ranging Bridget Colgan . . . though, mind, *that* wasn't what I meant by a substitute for polygamy. **J.B.L.**

open on every hand. But none is taken. The play declines through a second act of horribly slow farce towards a final curtain suicide which, in context, seems a shockingly tasteless artifice. The one thing I did understand by the end of this play was that when a playwright starts calling a spade an earth-turning implement, the audience can relax, safe in the assurance that they are back in Dodo-land.

The characters in *Naked Island* (Arts) would certainly call it a bloody shovel. Russell Braddon's play is set in the courtyard of a POW camp in Singapore in the closing days of the war. It is important, for the safety of everyone in the camp, that they should have up-to-the-minute news of the progress of the war, and the action depends upon the dangers and difficulties of operating a forbidden radio receiver under the noses of the Japanese guards. Partly an examination of the different disguises fear adopts, partly an affirmation of human values in the teeth of despair, it succeeds in achieving a curious muted poetry – the poetry, one might almost say, of four-letter words. Looked at as raw material, this is an insubstantial play, adding little to our understanding of a now familiar situation. All the more credit then to the director, Edward Burnham, whose taut silences and uneasy tableaux said more than anything in the dialogue about the nature of imprisonment, and to the well-integrated cast, for creating, with very little straw, a small but recognisable brick.

I had been looking forward with a mixture of eagerness and apprehension to seeing *Mister Johnson*, Norman Rosten's dramatisation of Joyce Cary's early novel, at the Lyric, Hammersmith. At a distance of eight or ten years since reading the book I was happily able to remember little about the plot, but I did recall my delight in the character of this warm-hearted, ingenuous Nigerian government clerk, whose unusual methods of recruiting and paying labourers for work on the new road leads, by way of true comedy, to a true tragedy. Mister Johnson lived in my mind in many settings: working with wild abandon on the road, popping in and out of the post office or the store, hanging round the ADO's bungalow, slumming with his fiancée's relations in a bamboo hut, working in the Fada Government office. . . . To put all these places on the stage must have been a daunting task.

Norman Rosten's solution – the 'another part of the forest' convention – is the obvious one, but a large part of the credit for the success of this production must go to Reece Pemberton, whose single adaptable set is able to summon up, with complete conviction, whatever new locale the quickly-changing scenes demanded. A screen is pulled out, a desk and chair carried on, and we are in Rudbeck's office, with Johnson inexpertly fiddling the accounts; another screen, a tub and washboard, and this is a primitive native hut in a jungle clearing. At the back painted scrims suggest either an irregular jumble of huts or the impenetrable tangle of vegetation through which the road has to be cut. The twisted boles of giant trees soar out of sight, with lianas hanging like petrified snakes, and through the dense foliage above shafts of sunlight fall like knives to isolate a group here, a single figure there.

To suppose, because Johnson worships the Imperial image, because in the Nigeria of the Twenties an Assistant District Officer could be God, Father and Mother, Judge, source of all goodness to a native who had never penetrated beyond the mission school, that this play is out of date or in doubtful taste at this juncture, is surely to miss Joyce Cary's point entirely. This is much more than the now familiar tale of the misunderstandings that attend the mingling of cultures. Mister Johnson is a poet. When he kneels towards the distant conception of the great King across the water, he is kneeling to glory – the name he puts to it is not politically relevant. He is a poet when he dreams of this great road which he and his friend Judge Rudbeck will create together: he is not thinking in terms of the trade it will bring, or in terms of 'opening up Africa.' Africa is already open to Johnson. He is a poet in the lies he tells and in the financial fiddles he conceives, and finally it is as a poet, for whom action has a meaning outside its end, that he asks Rudbeck to shoot him rather than allow him to be hanged. And Rudbeck's failure is not the failure of Imperialism, but the simple failure of one man to understand another. Not for nothing has the resemblance between Mister Johnson and Billy Liar been remarked upon. Billy with his raspberry cane, mouthing the Last Post for his dead Grannie, and Mister Johnson summoning up the presence of the Great White King, are brothers.

I have left myself little space in which to praise Johnny Sekka's Mister Johnson. Every jaunty angle of his expressive body adds pointed comment to the quick changes of mood as he slips from gaiety to despair, from self-importance to loving humility. This, if I'm not much mistaken, is a quiet performance. Philip Bond, as Rudbeck, is a deceptively quiet foil for all this exuberance, and Delena Kidd skates expertly over thin ice as his newly-arrived wife, turning her sophisticated apprehensions into an elaborate private joke. This play may not be a literary masterpiece, but in this production it is a wonderful dramatic experience.

The Sound of Religion

FRANCIS NEWTON

If anything dominates American Negro jazz, as it does American Negro life today, it is organised religion. The massive, hopped-up, manufacture of religious frenzy is readily adaptable, as opponents of revival meetings have long noticed, to the manufacture of more secular emotions, notably sexual excitement. As such it is highly saleable even in non-Negro markets, as the vogue for rock-and-roll (which is largely based on techniques pioneered by gospel song) demonstrated. Among the American Negroes, gospel song is saleable both in its direct and its secularised forms. But of the two the straight gospel is the bigger business.

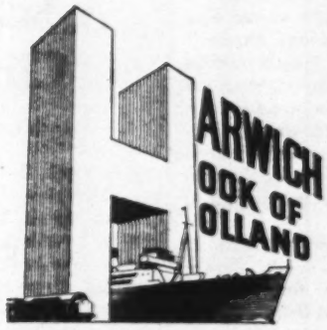
I use the word advisedly. In fact one might go further and call it the *only* Negro business. Excluded, in effect, from education; driven out, by the development of modern mass-production, from the small shops and service trades in which small men can accumulate a little capital – the coal carts and hand laundries of Louis Armstrong's youth; excluded by the whites from most of the rest of the businesses catering for or employing Negroes; driven out by white gangsters even from the management of the major rackets in their own territories: what else remains open to the aspiring Negro entrepreneur? Not sport or entertainment, though these rely increasingly

on Negro attractions, for their management is in white hands. Perhaps journalism, though Negro-owned papers form only a fraction of Negro reading-matter. Certainly politics of the old grafting kind, which are always, for oppressed minorities, a form of private enterprise. But above all religion – 'the one major asset of our people', as a Californian Negro Leadership Assessment Conference called it. And so it is. Out of the 800,000 Negroes in California, almost 600,000 can be relied upon to attend some church service every Sunday. Almost all can be relied upon to give generously.

It is a situation made for Elmer Gantrys, and I must confess that a Sunday spent going round church services in the Negro areas of Chicago is a dispiriting experience.

Church X was a poor one; a gaunt room in a public meeting hall, in an ex-white neighbourhood now taken over by Southern immigrants, decorated with the American flag, masonic symbols and a banner 'Welcome to the 14th anniversary of our pastor Rev. Jackson Williams.' A heavy dusty heat swallowed the congregation – mostly poorish middle-aged women, flapping lazily round the paper fans provided by a neighbourhood funeral parlour (another form of native Negro enterprise). The function was not so much a service as a religious concert, organised by the Universal Spiritual Corporation of America, presenting vocal groups with names like the Swans of Zion of Des Moines, the Sons of the Temple, the Harrison Brothers of Clarksdale, Miss., and the like. The Swans, the Sons and the Brothers were all late, so the congregation sang a few hymns alone. 'All night, all day, ain' got far to go to Jesus' rose and thundered into the heavy air, charged with enough longing, hope and joy to make even a saint temporarily forget the terrier-sized rats and the smell of stale garbage and decay which pervades the places where the Son of Man would lay his head if he came to Chicago. The Swans, *et al.*, when they came, were of no musical interest. They settled down, efficient and craftsmanlike, to the task of producing the religious equivalent of orgasm, by endless rhythmic repetition, by those calculated snaps in the voice which suggest that the preacher-singer is possessed by the spirit, and by parading round the platform in apparent rhythmic frenzy, while not forgetting to take off their glasses where necessary to safeguard them from careless gestures. They were successful: a few women did become hysterical and had to be led out, to return, much refreshed. It was all a little like watching a whore pretending to a client that she is having sexual transports. After the concert the leader of the Swans gave us his card, in case we should wish to engage the group for any musical purpose or wish to record it. I suppose one cannot blame them. For a musician a gig (engagement) is a gig.

Church Y – to be more precise, the Church of Heavenly Salvation – was a straightforward show. It began and finished on the dot, since it was being broadcast, and indeed must have sounded much better over the air, since the frenzy of the preacher, as indeed everything else that was audible, was clearly aimed at the microphone and not at the live audience. (For real hysterical passion over the air, a sort of controlled whispering close into the mike is the best technique.) Nothing had been left to chance. Even the interjections 'Amen, Yeah Man, That's The Truth', etc had been clearly distributed in rehearsal among the 120-strong choir, for none of them came from the congregation. This was not



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What colour is music?

A BACH CANTATA, for example. Should it be crimson or purple? Is Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* green? Or is it blue? What about Beethoven and Busoni, Stravinsky and Pergolesi?

This question of colour is by no means as academic as it may sound.

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The only problem about music in full and glorious colour is this one of the music itself. Feelings can run remarkably high on the hue of a Haydn symphony or the tint of a Tartini concerto. And when agreement has at last been reached, someone is liable to come along and say innocently: "What colour should we make the label?"

In case you have not already encountered it, The Record Society was formed three years ago to produce recordings of the finest quality at competitive prices. Its programme ranges from the better-known classics to the most esoteric of modern works, and includes several warmly authentic collections of folk music. There is stereo as well as monophonic. The *Eroica* is there, and so is a specially recorded concert of *Barockmusik*. A hitherto unrecorded Mass by des Prés contrasts with the only available recording of Ohana's *Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter* (based on the Lorca poem). You may favour Mozart and Mendelssohn, Pergolesi and Purcell; or you may prefer Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements*, Vecchi's *L'Amfiparnasso*, Schütz's *Resurrection*, or Busoni's *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*. The Society's standards, both technical and artistic, are of the highest, and the list thoroughly repays investigation.

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.....

surprising. The Rev. Montague Bone's showmanship and organising ability have produced a really luxurious set of ecclesiastical and social buildings which in turn have attracted a plainly very comfortable Negro middle class congregation. But the show depends on revivalism, and as the Negro middle class dislikes this intensely as being strictly non-respectable, the congregation sat on its hands like a group of Leicester deacons confronted with a flamenco performance purporting to be a Baptist service. How long this odd combination can last, I would not care to guess. At all events, it was a splendid show – robes, delayed entrances, décor and all. What a choir of 120 can do, this one did. It should go to an Eisteddfod. Only it had practically nothing to do with jazz any more.

Where then was the simple rending faith, the musical fervour, the 'soul' as it is technically called which to so many of us makes even the insipid words of recorded gospel song tolerable? It was there, but below the threshold at which the money is to be made: in the small bleak storefront churches with names like the Soul Reviving Church, where men and women sit in the equality of small sects on bare chairs, being moved to speak and to sing by the need of their oppressed souls and the spirit of the Lord. Perhaps some day some of them will discover the commercial possibilities of their gifts; but in the rat-ridden dark under the elevated railway, the money-changers have not yet quite entered the temple. And it was and is there in the great and genuine artists which Negro religion has, after all, produced. Above all in Mahalia Jackson, who will, she tells me, come to England next spring. We shall all have an opportunity of paying tribute to her.

A Schoenberg Challenge

HUGH WOOD

This week, 24 years after it was written, the Schoenberg Violin Concerto came to London—to the Festival Hall, played by the LSO under Alexander Gibson. This occasion should have been a great one, and indeed it provided a welcome chance of experiencing the virtuosity of Wolfgang Marschner: but in other respects it was deeply disappointing. One is thus forced to speak of the work's difficulties rather than its beauties, for it would be as idle to pretend that it is without the one as the other. Herr Marschner surmounts the former by his supreme musicianship, and the rest of us, performers and listeners, should try in a humbler way to do the same. The combination of complex harmonic structure – a typical late-romantic phenomenon – and a consistently polyphonic texture rare in classical, not to mention romantic, music, is the first difficulty. An even greater challenge is offered by the work's most outstanding virtue, the richness of its thematic material, a challenge heightened by the concision with which this is presented.

These problems can be overcome if performer and listener alike approach the work in a strictly traditional way. The classical characteristic of the interrelation of themes is here exploited with great subtlety. The tracing of these interrelations, assisted by a knowledge of the traditional forms to which Schoenberg deliberately adheres, is the first step. These interrelations culminate in the overwhelming wealth of reminiscence in the work's closing pages, the emotional kernel of the piece, and musically simple enough. Only when they are absorbed can one go on to understand the full meaning of the truly symphonic unfolding of the first movement, to appreciate the exquisitely simple lyricism of the second, and to relax in the gay military-march tunes of the finale.

An ideal performance would aim at bringing out just this thematic cohesion and its consequent intelligibility. If Wagner's two basic injunctions – to choose the right tempi and to bring out the tune – had been followed by the conductor, he wouldn't have gone far wrong. After all, the tunes are marked in the score: it was one of Schoenberg's ideas that they should be heard. As it was, the performance was presented at a far earlier stage of accomplishment, and was as unsatisfactory as most Schoenberg performances that we hear in London. The conductor adopted rather fast and matter-of-fact tempi and failed to prevent a clipped style of phrasing which went oddly with such a romantic work. The *Andante* couldn't breathe, the *Finale* could be neither bold nor gay, and so the closing reminiscence section which contrasts with it, besides being incoherent, went for nothing. It was thus hardly surprising that the players were obviously unrelaxed, or that their playing was not free from errors. Altogether the performance seemed to have been prepared under the implicit assumption (resembling Debussy's first puzzled reaction to *Le Sacre*) that it wasn't music you were dealing with, but some sort of *ersatz*, or at least something quite different. If you play –

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Community Centre, 13th Oct., 7.45 p.m.
R. W. BRIGINSHAW & Dr PAUL MATTHEWS
will answer questions on
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GEORGE LINDGREN & DAVID ALLNUTT

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or listen to – Schoenberg in this frame of mind the results are naturally disastrous. If you apply to his music the usual traditional resources of understanding and interpretation, then it yields its beauty: if you don't, it doesn't.

Those Morlocks

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

H. G. Wells anticipated Science Fiction as so many other things, and cared little about the initial means. So his moon cabin was fitted with a screen that defied gravity, and when he wanted to travel in time, his hero merely had to invent something like an exquisite dentist's chair in order to do so. Nowadays we're more scrupulous about the technics; but where do we get? It was a bright idea to do *The Time Machine* (Marble Arch Odeon), even if the machine would qualify for an old-crocks' race. George Pal, in fact, has seized on the fun and made the most he can of the subsequent flights of imagination. Some of these go naturally into cinematic terms. The actual time-flight is marked by daylight sweeping round like a lighthouse beam, flowers grow and die, a female model in a window changes fashions at top speed. A richer green appears on the hillside, and 6,000 years ahead we are there.

Where? In a garden of the beautiful little Elois. They laze and play, they pluck fruit, but the tree of knowledge is no longer theirs; sex and curiosity have almost vanished. Gradually we are to discover that they are cattle for an underground race of Morlocks, pale lemur-like creatures living underground, the descendants of workers, now masters of a degenerate humanity. Thus Wells. The screen reduces this vision to Grecians with blonde wigs; and the Morlocks – when they emerge from the shadows – are the usual anthropoids in hairy cardboard with luminous eyes, who in the inevitable rough-house behave as all rough-housers do. Half the original impact – admittedly easier to achieve in print than on the screen – has vanished. Enough remains to beguile and to shock with jolts of the comic. Early Wells has been brought up to date; and not altogether disgraced.

Early Fellini brings us *Lights of Variety* (1949) at the International Film Theatre: a fantasia on music-hall to set beside *The Golden Coach* rather than *The Entertainer*. That's to say, the players are the thing, not the world's condition. The beginning sets off splendidly with a back-street hall, a pawky comedian (Peppino Da Filippo), stripped girls, a fat singer, a lank magician, prompter's box and band: all giving edge to an art in decline. A new girl (Carla Del Poggio) worms her way in, steals the boss's heart and the show from the old-stagers. Impecuniously on tour, they are given hospitality by a lawyer, riotously singing opera, who leads them at midnight across quays and fields to his barn-like house in the wilds: a hospitality brought suddenly to an end when he finds a lack of female co-operation. After this, the inspiration wobbles through other adventures, but comes back at the end, when the hard-faced interloper catches the express for the capitals while the troupe settles in its local third-class carriage for the next stage of its journey. This picaresque film, made in conjunction with Lattuada, not only forecasts the future Fellini, but is enjoyable for all its unevenness. Giuletta Masina is there, strangely unrealised.

Correspondence

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

SIR, – The discussion of civil defence for Britain in an H-rocket age (introduced into your columns in the courageous and well-documented article of Dr Berenbaum) would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. It is being made the basis of a deception which may well bring about the very danger of total destruction which at the best its efforts could only slightly palliate.

We should not let ourselves be entangled in a web of technicalities put up by the apologists of civil defence. The scale of the destruction is so great that an error even of ten-fold on the estimates of lethality would for Britain only make one or two per cent difference in the proportion of deaths.

It was my business, in the Ministry of Home Security in the last war, to estimate the casualties that would occur for different intensities of bombing and for different types of construction of shelters. These estimates were well verified by the events. It is true the authorities did precious little about building effective shelters. If we had done even as much as the Germans to build strong ones we would have lost some 20,000 fewer civilian lives. These were deemed expendable, but even the most callous administration could not consider tens of millions expendable. This, on any reckoning, is what would happen if there were a serious nuclear attack on this country with as few as 20 ten-megaton warheads, or some four thousand times as heavy an attack as we suffered from the Germans. We can hardly expect less if we persist in harbouring launching sites for offensive weapons which on the most elementary strategy would have to be destroyed at the outset of a nuclear war.

It is this scale of attack that made me think it hardly worthwhile making detailed estimates now. Naturally enough on this occasion I have not been asked officially to make them. However, if it is necessary to destroy the myth of the effectiveness of civil defence quantitatively, any group of competent scientists on the basis of published evidence could soon provide the figures.

It does not matter much, in Britain, whether rocket-sites, aerodromes or centres of population are chosen as targets, for all lie so close together that zones of destruction and fall-out must overlap. Only in certain south-western districts, if Eire remains neutral, would there be much chance of survival.

The people of this country are now only beginning to realise what is being prepared for them under the name of defence, military or civil. But the time for them to do so is getting very short as the weapons pile up and opportunity after opportunity of securing a general abolition of nuclear warfare is let slip.

Blocking the road from Aldermaston remains now the only means of civil defence. What anyone does after the warheads have burst is of little importance – the rockets must never be fired.

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square, WC1

SIR, – In quoting protection figures against radiation from the US National Bureau of Standards, Mr Berenbaum has left out several important provisos. In order to give a true picture of the US figures, Mr Berenbaum's paragraphs should read as follows, the qualifications omitted by him being italicised:

(2) Partly exposed basements *of small 1 or 2 storey buildings;* central areas on ground floors in 1 or 2 storey buildings with heavy masonry walls – 2 to 10 fold.
(3) Basements with no exposed walls *of small 1 or 2 storey buildings;* mid-points of large multi-storey buildings *with light exterior walls and floors* – 10 to 50 fold.

Bearing in mind the difference in construction of typical houses in this country and the United

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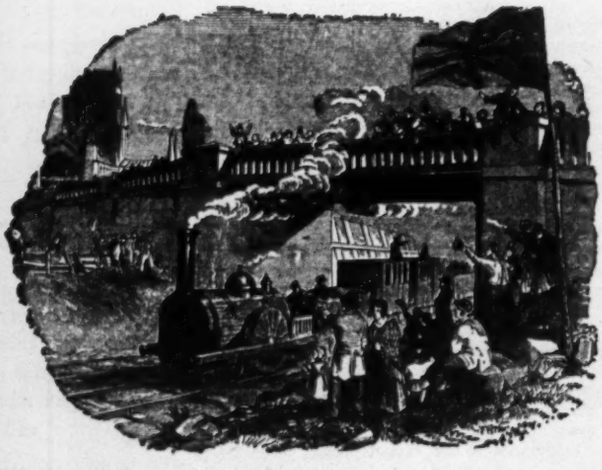

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Someone remarked, 'It pays to advertise'. And by jin
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same game, different name. No one understood the gimmick better
than Thos. J. Barratt.
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cause he knew how to sell;
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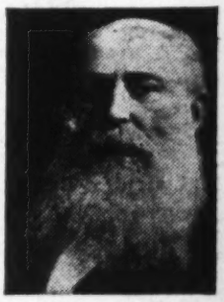

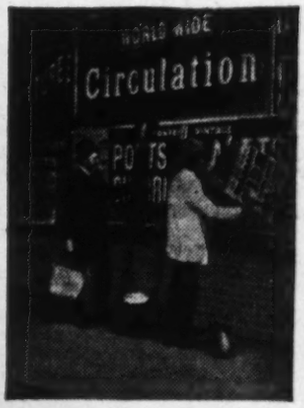

ets for the Victorians.

so it did.
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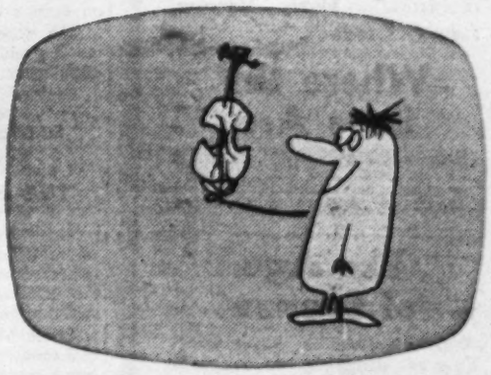

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States, to which I drew attention in my letter in your issue of 24 September, there is nothing incompatible between the American figures quoted above and those in *Nuclear Weapons*, which give, for example, the protective factor, in a prepared refuge room, of a British bungalow (11 in. brick walls) as 5-10 and of a terraced two-storey house as 45.

Mr Berenbaum states that it is becoming clear that the dosage of radiation received from fall-out in the first two days is about double what was previously thought. In fact the contamination figures given in *Nuclear Weapons* were for a bomb with 100 per cent fission yield, whereas the Congressional Hearings make it clear that the average fission yield from all test explosions has been about 50 per cent. These factors therefore cancel out. I must therefore repeat that, while the material available, which covers a considerable field, remains constantly under review, there is nothing in the Congressional hearings quoted by Mr Berenbaum that makes it necessary to revise the figures given in the British handbook *Nuclear Weapons*.

S. C. KIRKMAN
Director-General of Civil Defence
Home Office
London, SW1

WHICH LABOUR PARTY?

SIR, – As a habitual 'floater' I must apologise for intruding into the Castle-Crosland correspondence but there are one or two points I should like to put. First, that phrase about 'social capital like roads and schools'. Why roads? Why not railways? Is this demand for a vast new road system really thought out and not automatic? Do we need a Brighton motorway before the complete rehabilitation of the railways? That we need a better transport system is obvious, but I cannot see that the habit of regarding this as synonymous with the provision of more public racing tracks for Jaguars is justified. The railways, a vast capital investment, are *there*; they are, surely, the equivalent of the impressive road systems in countries where geographical conditions are different from ours; furthermore, they once supported a most able and responsible body of workers now reduced to a depressed class.

My second point contains the first – Labour's neglect of mere administration. I am not interested in Labour's shopping list as such. I want to know, in advance, exactly how nationalised industries are going to be run. I have not forgotten the disastrous principle enumerated, I believe, by Lord Morrison of Lambeth, that this could be settled *after* nationalisation, and like a good many other people, I shrink from the thought of yet more sections of industry being subjected to this casual and woolly treatment. To take a trivial example: we are supposed to have a nationalised fuel industry, yet we still have the ridiculous spectacle of two separate bureaucracies and staffs for gas and electricity, complete with separate and expensive showrooms and mock competitive advertising. I simply refuse to believe that, apart from technical staffs, a considerable degree of fusion is not possible.

The Labour Party will have a much better chance of winning elections if it produces not a Messiah but a few Gladstones.

JEAN RHODES
Upton House
Hertford

LABOUR AND DEFENCE

SIR, – Mr Levy, like other unilateralists, claims that, morally, the case against Mr Gaitskell is 'self-evident'. This claim is false. It is presumably based on the belief that it is clearly morally wrong to use or threaten to use nuclear weapons. But this belief can be accepted by people who, even so, do not support unilateralism. Many opponents of unilateralism on the part of Britain, including Mr Gaitskell, argue that it would increase the risk of nuclear war. If this were true, there would be as self-evident a case, morally, against unilateralism as for it, since it is clearly morally wrong to increase deliberately the risk of war. Anyone, therefore, who believes both that it is wrong to threaten to use the H-bomb, and that unilaterally renouncing its use will, at present, increase the risk of its use, finds himself in a moral dilemma; and no solution of it can be morally self-evident.

A more general conclusion follows. It is impossible, in the controversy about the bomb, to separate moral questions from strategic questions in the way in which Mr Levy and many others on both sides of the controversy do. Answers to the strategic questions necessarily affect the moral problem, a point often made, but more often ignored.

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG
Wandsworth School
Sutherland Grove, SW19

THE PLUNDERED CONTINENT

SIR, – I read with enjoyment Paul Johnson's recent articles on South America and I was rather surprised to find that they disturbed Mr Ferguson so much. I have never visited South America, but recently I had the good fortune to travel in Mexico, undoubtedly more prosperous and economically viable than its southern neighbours, yet still exciting in me what Mr Johnson acutely describes as 'an intense pity for its misruled and exploited inhabitants'. It is true that the middle and urban working classes are increasing in number and beginning to press for extensive educational and other amenities, yet standards in these and other facilities throughout the country are appallingly low.

The pitiable state of the country is glaringly contrasted with the wealth of its northern neighbour, whose opulence is lavishly displayed by the hordes of tourists who visit Mexico annually from the United States. Can anyone deny that US neglect of its southern neighbours is in part due to the persistent feeling in the United States that the South and Central Americans are in some way an inferior race and only to be regarded as second class citizens? Far too many visitors and officials openly adopt such an attitude and any sudden 'official' change of face owing to Cold War tactics is unlikely to fool the South American people, even if the ordinary US visitor could be persuaded to adopt a less 'cliquish' and patronising attitude. Unless there is a genuine long term effort by both the State Department and the US citizen to understand and solve the long standing problems of South America on their own merits, the situation can only deteriorate with who knows what dreadful results for world peace.

DAVID A. TURNER
77 Ravendale Street
Scunthorpe
Lincs

THE RENT CRISIS

SIR, – In the many articles and letters which have been published in your own journal recently on the subject of rent increases for decontrolled tenants, the economics of the subject have had their due prominence. But there is another side to it and it deserves much greater prominence than it has yet received. It is the *fear* which has caused so many tenants, faced with a second drastic rent increase since the 1957 Act, to sign agreements heavily overweighted in their terms against the tenant, at rents which they will only be able to pay by a considerable reduction of personal expenditure in other directions. Of this the All-London Co-ordinating Committee has first hand evidence. The fear arises from:

(1) A feeling (without basis, maybe, but entirely geniune) that negotiations carried beyond a certain point will bring reprisals in a withdrawal by agents of their offer of a new tenancy.
(2) The attitude of many if not most agents and owners towards tenants' associations and collective negotiation, both of which have been publicly encouraged by Mr Henry Brooke himself.
(3) The sure and certain knowledge (again we have the evidence of this) that there exists in a wide area of the metropolis *no* alternative accommodation even if tenants were prepared to tear up their roots and to leave communities which they, and not the property investment companies, have over long periods enriched in so many ways.

Round about the day on which this letter is written, many more tenancies are due to fall in, and my Committee will be urging the tenants thus affected to stand firm against demands which on the showing of the best landlords can only be regarded as iniquitous.

Here then, in this element of fear, is one of the beastliest aspects of the aftermath of the Rent Act. Here, and in the complete lack of any feeling of social responsibility on the part of the 'take over' landlords, who, even in the depreciatory sense in which that term has hitherto been used, are not landlords at all.

In all the publicity there has been no attempt so far to define, in terms that might be agreed by all the interested parties, what a 'fair rent' is. Nor as yet has anyone found a formula by which a 'fair rent' can be equated with that other term, so often in the mouth of the Minister – the 'market rent'. But my Committee will at least try and hack its way through the verbiage, and to this end it has set up its own research panel.

Meanwhile, since the collection of reliable statistics may help ultimately to dispel the fear of which I have spoken, your readers can render a valuable service by sending me details of net rents before and after the Rent Act, the increases since demanded, and the gross and net rateable values, together with any other useful information pertaining to their own case or any other.

R. W. RAWLINGS
Chairman
All-London Private Tenants' Co-ordinating Committee,
95 Clare Court, Judd Street, WC1

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HEINEMANN

MORE ABOUT TEENAGERS

SIR, – How can Roy Kerridge have been so careless as to overlook the girl teenage population, even though he does 'apologise to any group that feels itself ignored'? We have therefore listed below female counterparts for the benefit of readers.

Female 'fringers' are pretty much the same, being mostly more adventurous schoolgirls; but they find friends elsewhere when they leave school, as 18-year old girls already prefer men of 20 and over. These girls on the whole wear full skirts.

'Yob' girls are distinguished by their cheap appearance. Most have extended points on their stiletto-heeled shoes, and if you don't cake your face with make-up you're just ignored. Of those who have left school (they all leave the moment they can) a lot become shop assistants and waitresses. They all have short hair. Girls do not really sit for hours on end tapping their feet to jazz, although some pretend to. Beatnik and more often pseudo-beatnik girls appear every Aldermaston march. There is no need to describe them.

The 'Bertie Wooster' type is most impressive, often a couple of these will believe they are going steady when they haven't kissed once, and they usually meet each other 'through the family'.

In our experience Jewish teenagers either fall under the category of 'Bertie Wooster' or 'Bowling Alley' types, or they stay at home every night. The 'Bowling Alley' types are yobs in all but name, making the local bowling alley their headquarters.

The completely square girl is usually the ugly one. She stays at home and reads a lot or goes to concerts, but comes into her own at university where girls are in demand. However, these girls may get involved with 'Bertie Wooster' types or grammar school boys.

Lastly we reach the type unique to the female sex, namely the girl with an Idol; mostly Mr Presley or Mr Richard. These girls are usually lonely or frustrated with no other outlet for their feelings. We are very surprised Roy overlooked this group which, though small, certainly makes itself noticed in modern teenage society.

According to Roy's definition and ours, we think we would be classified as 'fringers'. But to which group does he belong?

JUDITH ECCLESHARE
STEFANY TOMALIN

South Hampstead High School
3 Maresfield Gardens, NW3

SIR, – May I congratulate Roy Kerridge on his most enjoyable, if rather flippant, survey on modern youth?

As a Jewish teenager, I would like to add a word of explanation to the statement that the young Jew will 'stand you drinks, treat everywhere, meet your friends, but very seldom take you to his house, introduce you to his friends or invite you to his rather frequent parties'. Although I would not deny that this is, for the most part, true, I can't help thinking that it is mainly parental influence which brings about this social reticence.

For many hundreds of years, the Jews have lived a ghetto existence. If they had not done so, and had instead assimilated into the societies around them, they would have lost their Jewish religion, customs and character and, indeed, would not hold their present position in society today. Inter-marriage is still, for the most part, looked on with horror by the vast majority of Jews, both young and old, and friendships between Jew and non-Jew of the same sex are not encouraged by most families. However, there is an ever-increasing number of young Jews who, I am glad to say, are leaving behind the old ghettoistic way of thought and broadening their minds, entering more firmly into the society around them, while not completely losing their Jewish character – Wolf Mankowitz, Arnold Wesker, Harold Pinter and Bernard Kops, to mention just a few of the more prominent names that come to mind.

This, of course, is only a brief outline of only one of the many possible explanations that can be given to this question. If Roy Kerridge would like to discuss it further – and I sincerely hope he does – I would invite him to meet some of my friends, teenage members of the Zionist youth movement, Habonim. We would make him most welcome and hope that we would all gain further knowledge from the discussions that would ensue.

ANNE R. A. LISTER

53 St Ann's Road, N15

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

Reprints of M. C. Berenbaum's article in the NEW STATESMAN *of 3 September are in such demand that four printings have now been exhausted. Further copies are again available (in leaflet form) at 3s. per dozen, 10s. per 50, £1 per 100 or £8 per 1,000 (post paid) from:*

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10 Great Turnstile, London WC1

LIBERAL REVIVAL?

SIR, – The inference which Mr Mallalieu would have your readers draw from his remarks concerning Mr Donald Wade and the Rochdale by-election is, of course, quite inaccurate. Far from Mr Wade being 'shy about entering Rochdale' he immediately agreed to speak in the by-election as soon as he was asked and did, indeed, address three meetings in Rochdale on the night of 7 February.

PHYLLIS PRESTON
Press Officer

Liberal Party Organisation

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

SIR, – Ursula Price's letter in your issue of 24 September about road signs in America reminded me of a sign which over the years has given me enjoyment. Erected near Clare, Michigan, by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, it states: 'Men of Distinction Prefer God.'

ADRIAN JAFFE

East Lansing, Michigan

WEEKLY POST

A Statement by
Sir EDWARD HULTON

On Wednesday, October 12th, my new WEEKLY POST will appear on the bookstalls and in the newsagents' shops.

It will be a serious political and literary weekly. However, it will try to go a step further than the existing periodicals in its field. The paper is going to cover politics and business, both at home and abroad, and comment extensively on books, the arts, the theatre and the cinema, not forgetting science. There will be well-informed advice for the investor; and a weekly causerie on the countryside and sport. In addition, there will be included a novel detachable section devoted to the practical interests of the intelligent woman.

You will discover nothing "sensational" in WEEKLY POST. You will find, however, in its pages the frank and authoritative opinions of a team of highly-qualified journalists and writers. The format will strike a new note, endeavouring to be contemporary whilst avoiding vulgarity. Many photographs —of things and people—will be found in WEEKLY POST, which, nevertheless, will not be a "picture paper".

Why have I decided to launch a paper of this type? Because I believe that some of the essential functions of a free press can best be performed by this kind of journal—if it can be run on enterprising and modern lines. Indeed, the last year or two have already seen the beginnings of a very remarkable growth, both in influence and circulation, of Britain's serious journals—daily, Sunday and weekly. A new thoughtful public is making its influence felt. WEEKLY POST will, therefore, make its appeal not only to the "governing classes" and civil service, but also to the new thousands of educated, responsible, and active professional and business men and women, up and down the country. It will appeal to the stalwart old guard—and also to the young—even the *avant-garde!*

WEEKLY POST is not intended as a mass-circulation paper. But it will strive hard to make an interesting, and useful, contribution to the thought and life of our country, Europe and the world.

In politics, it will be Conservative, but genuinely and courageously independent, and certainly not "Blimpish". Its columns will not be closed to those who hold opposing views. Once more I believe that, whilst encouraging wit, satire and sprightliness, the paper should not avoid the grave moral and spiritual principles and problems which so profoundly affect life today.

I hope that you will buy a copy of WEEKLY POST when it comes out, and that you will like it.

Edward Hulton

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Burden of Our Century

JOHN MANDER

Why is it that, of the books commonly regarded as seminal or specially significant for our time, a great many are, as literature, less than first-rate? Orwell's *1984* has had more *influence* than any novel of the past 20 years – but does anyone maintain that it is, strictly, a good novel? Yet, next to Orwell, it is writers like Koestler, Huxley, Sartre, Silone, Dos Passos, or Malraux who have effectively changed the consciousness of a generation of readers, as did a Dostoevsky, a George Eliot, a Stendhal. The comparison is not flattering to our time: but is it false? Do we compare like with like? I think we do: the conscience of the age, in so far as it is in the hands of writers at all (and this itself may be a piece of traditional literary arrogance), is in the hands of men who have brought to the novel and the drama the gifts and the expertise of the journalist. Swift and Defoe have reasserted their primogenital authority, one might say, over James and Proust.

Mr Thody's new study of Sartre* has by now been widely reviewed: Mr Thody has enjoyed, on the whole, a good press; Sartre, a very bad one. It is as though the opportunity had been taken to put Sartre in his place. One detected that shrug of the shoulder reserved for the French in general, and French left intellectuals in particular. For his silliness, for his wrong-headedness, for his bad manners, for his rhetoric, but also for his overweening seriousness, Jean-Paul Sartre has been soundly spanked and put to bed by the English critics. Why not? you may say. Sartre's world reputation should not, surely, make him critically unassailable? The French puff their authors indefatigably, we know, and the world buys. But Poland, Latin America, Japan are not England: must we, too, submit? It is strange that in a literary world that has been ready to admit, traditionally, that they order certain matters better in France, France's best mind in a generation can be dismissed in a couple of paragraphs – not that the French, arrogant in their own kind, will take much notice of this subversive muttering in the provinces.

Of course, Sartre's France is not at all the *douce France* of our Sunday reviewers. It is a France altogether more sinister and disagreeable: the anguished, anarchic France of Villon, Pascal, Rousseau, de Sade, Rimbaud – above all, Pascal. One feels that Sartre's God, if he had one, would be the God of Isaac and Jacob, *pas des philosophes*. And – need one say? – Sartre too is haunted by the silence of the infinite spaces. At point after point, it is to Pascal that one turns for an analogy in French tradition. Yet again, like Pascal the Jansenist, how unFrench Sartre is! How exceedingly German, for example! Tortured, compulsive, overbearing, long-winded: worrying at truth like a dog at a bone: utterly absorbed, though a sworn enemy of systems, in the perfection of his own system. Sartre studied in Germany in the Thirties; and his philosophy would have been inconceivable without Husserl and Heidegger. (He has German blood too, being related on his mother's side to Albert Schweitzer, I believe.) Not for nothing do many of his most memorable creations bear German names: Hoederer, in *Les Mains Sales*, Goetz in *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu*, Franz von Gerlach in *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* – Franz, who is at the same time *France*, the France that is doing to the Algerians, somewhat more systematically, what the Germans once did to the French. One could express it, perhaps, by saying that Sartre is a European – a European in that peculiar usage of the word which implies that we are not.

Of course, there is a mood in which we are all inclined to affirm this. (There was even a school of critics – is there still? – who made a solemn virtue of it.) It is the same mood, I would suggest, that has kept us apart from Europe politically, that has allowed our economy to stagnate, that has encouraged a general exaltation of the second-rate in architecture, music and the novel, in sport, road-building and industrial design. The fault I find with the angry young men is that they were not angry enough – and too little specific in their anger. I am not sure if there is such a thing as complacent indignation – but, if there is, they had it. Rude noises do not bring down the Establishment; indeed, if the West End theatre public is any guide, the Establishment is rather tickled by them – they remind it, for one thing, how firmly it is established. Essentially, a good time is had by all. Britain leads the world in – nothing so much as complacency.

Do they order these matters better in France? No, hardly. But then, of course, you don't make rude noises with impunity there. If you're a teacher, you lose your job; if you're an editor, your paper is impounded. At this moment, Sartre and a group of left-wing writers and artists are being excluded from French radio and television and the state theatres for their open opposition to the war in Algeria – worse may yet come. Francis Jeanson, a pupil of Sartre's, and author of the best book on him so far, is risking his life to tell young Frenchmen the truth about the war (how many, on the English left, care about his stand? How many even know?). And this is not, of course, the first stand that Sartre and his friends have made against organised political injustice. *Les Mouches* was an exhortation to resist, made under the very noses of the Germans. Sartre protested vigorously against the war in Viet-Nam, writing a defence of Henri Martin. His fellow-travelling period (roughly 1952-56) coincided with the most intense persecution of French Communism. Yet, in October 1956, Sartre was quick to condemn both the Suez aggression and the massacre of Budapest. As far as political commitment is concerned – granted much muddle- and wrong-headedness – I do not see that we are in any kind of position to mock or condemn.

What is 'commitment', though? We feel, rightly I think, a certain unease at the common use of the term, particularly as applied to the arts. In most discussions of commitment, and Mr Thody's is no exception, there is a degree of confusion between the literary-critical and the biographical method. Mr Thody, for instance, devotes about one third of his book to analysis of Sartre's political acts and utterances. This analysis is always, as exposition, interesting and informative. But its assumptions are often naive. Mr Thody reproduces, at great length, Sartre's arguments against colonialism. Many of us are inclined to agree with them. But, agreeable or not, no one could say that these arguments are original to Sartre; they are the kind of arguments you would read any day, anywhere, in any paper of the left. One may admire Sartre's stand, his practical political commitment, but it is not necessary to think his political arguments original.

But, of course, 'commitment' can be taken – and this is implicit in Mr Thody's approach – to mean a good deal more than this. A relation is sought between Sartre's resolute political actions, his rather turbid tracts, his philosophy proper, and his various plays and novels. This relation established, it is possible to argue from the utterance or action of a character in a Sartre play or novel, to an utterance or action of Sartre himself. Or, indeed, *vice versa*. The artistic work is equated, in other words, with the direct political or philosophical statement. And this is surely quite inadmissible. Naturally, there are cross-connections between Sartre's political experience and his plays, and between his novels and his philosophy. But the 'commitment' of, say, *Les Mains Sales* or *La Mort dans l'Ame* or *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* should not be reducible to any one political formula of the this-is-where-Sartre-stands variety. In so far as these plays are thus reducible, they are, like *La Putain Respectueuse*, or the lamentable *Nekrassov*, inferior works of art.

I do not wish to carp; Mr Thody's book is an extremely useful piece of analysis. One is grateful for his careful exposition of plays which, like *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu*, one is never actually going to read. But he does fall, from time to time, into the fallacy implicit in his approach, of confusing literary criticism with political biography – thus disallowing that freedom of art which consists, precisely, in its independence of its creator. But there is an opposite fallacy, a far commoner one, into which he does not fall – I mean the tendency to emasculate a work of art by denying it all political reference. The bourgeois critic would like to emasculate, say, *Les Mains Sales* or *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* by giving these plays a psychological or a spiritual or an ontologi-

* *Jean-Paul Sartre*. By PHILIP THODY. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

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cal, but never – the Lord preserve us – a political reference. He avoids the uncomfortable particular by a precipitate flight into the universal.

On the whole, Mr Thody steers an even course between this bourgeois universalist Scylla and the Charybdis of crude Marxist tendency-hunting. But there is, for my taste, too much exposition and too little straight literary criticism. *Les Séquestrés d'Altona*, Mr Thody says, 'shows that Sartre is at last coming to realise the ambition which he expressed in "What is Literature?", that of writing works of art which at one and the same time show the complexity of real life and communicate good left-wing ideas'. About complexity I agree – though I am not sure that Sartre's latest play, whose strength lies in its rhetoric, fulfils the demand. But the phrase about 'good left-wing ideas' is a sad letdown. Are guilt and responsibility left-wing ideas? And is Mr Thody unaware that it is just this reduction to *tendenzliteratur* which makes us sceptical of the ultimate literary merit of the Orwells and the Koestlers, the Huxleys and the Sartres?

The truth is, Sartre's plays and novels require more careful criticism; if a 'commitment' is to be isolated, it can only be done legitimately, I believe, by an old-fashioned Leavisian analysis of the moral structure of the whole work of art. By this test, many of Sartre works would certainly fail. But, even as journalism, there are things in Sartre – take the extraordinary description of the collapse of French morale in 1940 in *La Mort dans l'Ame* – which are among the vital documents of our time. Not to have shared, in imagination, the anguish of the Sartrian Orestes, or the blinding – albeit, highly melodramatic – revelation to Mathieu on the church tower that freedom is terror, is to have missed a part of what it means, not merely to be a European, but to be a human being in this place and age. 'From whom or from what is there this insipid, rancid taste in my mouth?' cries Franz von Gerlach. 'It is the taste of my century. O happy centuries, you who know nothing of our hatreds, how can you understand the atrocious power of our mortal loves? . . . Acquit us!' It is to Sartre's honour, as a man and a writer, that his hero's cry might, without presumption, be his own, 'I have taken my century upon my shoulders and have said: I will answer for it. Today and always.'

Case History

Imprisoned in a portrait of herself
Painted by someone else, she slashed the canvas
And then ran crying to her looking-glass
To find a true reflection of herself,
And – finding none – could not tell who she was.

Not glass, not canvas could restore her knowledge,
Only another's face in which to see
That emptiness itself can be an image
Of victories over false identities.
Without that face she waits in lonely rage.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Song: The Smile of Eve

Her beauty shall blind you,
Long as you live;
She will reap and grind you,
Bolt you in a sieve,

Will blink her merry eyes,
Set your brain a-fire,
Be womanly and wise,
Thwart your desire.

Will trample you, skin you,
Tear your flesh apart,
Slice nerve and sinew,
Nestle at your heart.

Though her aspect alters
Your pangs are the same;
Ready reason falters
At sound of her name.

No serpent in his guile
Nor no goatish man
Can rob her of the smile
That with Eve began.

ROBERT GRAVES

Finhaut

An ominous name? Could be:
These gyring rails must mount no higher,
Firmly descend into another country.

Their duty's done. What though
Across the numinous gulf uprear
Sheer spires and sunlit snow;

Along this ravining brink
Our wheels will wind their squeal;
Tunnel to trestle to tunnel blink

On down, past footways to
Known heights, now out of sight
To this pass come, and through:

Who, fifty odd years ago,
Happened here first to lift
My young mere eyes to snow.

I. A. RICHARDS

Yes, Mr Brecht

'Wie anstrengend es ist, böse zu sein.'
BRECHT: *Die Maske des Bösen.*

A Persian princess hangs on my wall.
In her white turban, robe of orange,
Yellow slippers and white drainpipes,
I find her strange. She is alone.

A flower is in her left hand; with her right
She fingers the fan in her embroidered waistband.
On a slight hill, with deep blue sky behind,
She is musing. She may be in a paradise.

What slender symmetrical toes she too had,
That Indian girl long ago at the greengrocer's.
And even now, staring at such hopeless grace,
I have to fight to quench a yawn.

CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON

Humanity Not Havanas

A Critical History of English Literature. 2 vols. By David Daiches. *Secker & Warburg.* 84s.

What courage (what a nerve, in fact) David Daiches shows in offering, at this point of time, after all the disabling criticisms that have been made about it, a new history of English literature; and with what astonishing stamina he goes about completing his undertaking to resuscitate Saintsbury and to continue Cazamian (two volumes and over 1,000 pages) – although it is the loquacity rather than the loneliness of the long-distance runner that comes across to the reader from this enormous study, which strikes him as both a marathon and a non-stop commentary run and spoken by the same person. But the virtues of courage and stamina, because they are enlisted in the service of that generally queer thing, literary history, and of this particularly daring intention bring along with them their own defects – crimes, one might say forced upon him by his impudent virtue. And what, after all, *is* literary history? It is hardly history in the historian's sense for that is something always subject to the sprawling intervention of life. Literary history seems to exist in an enclosed solipsistic world bounded by library shelves and filled with dusty air. It consists of the accumulation of influences, the confluence of sources, the marriage of books and the generation of booklets. And since no human being, however gifted, could possibly be learned in the way of Owst or Pollard over 1,000 years of literature, it forces upon the writer a special manner, that of the alert and confident lecturer. A literary historian on this scale cannot but affect to be blandly omniscient and imperturbably clever, a blend of Lord Buddha and Lord Keynes. Like the lecturer he has to set about briskly putting to rights the untidiness of 100 years in 50 minutes, and in the interests of history – literary history, that is – he can hardly admit the existence of that large category of authors who are now merely boring. Tedium is taboo, even in Spenser or Sir Walter Scott.

There are other things he cannot avoid even if he has a mind as lively and pertinent as David Daiches: queer connections, *e.g.* 'the hero from Cervantes to Evelyn Waugh'; odd explanations which make one wonder what audience he is addressing, *e.g.* 'the fable is...'; the substitution of précis for explanation; and more than anything else, untethered generalisations. How much better off are we for knowing simply that Lawrence 'created a new kind of novel'? How much more forward are we to be told that in poetic drama 'the recurrence of related images, the rise and fall of certain rhythms, the sounding of certain overtones of meaning and suggestion are as important in building up the total significance of the play as the mere sequence of events or paraphrasable content of the speeches'. No more forward at all, except to be introduced to the idiom of fashion and of exams, since what counts is the application or translation of these notions in the concrete. Better not know these alluring ideas at all than known them externally as devices for aiding the hard-pressed student to pretend to knowledge of and delight in enormous stretches of literature.

That these are deficiencies of the *genre* is perfectly clear to the author. The inclusion of the word 'critical' in his title is surely an advice to the reader to disregard them and an

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

encouragement to himself to circumvent them. Unfortunately, neither he nor anyone else has managed to do this. His hope that 'the pattern which a single mind imposes on this vast material will make my account more lively and suggestive than the conscientious composite works of reference by teams of experts' remains a hope. In any case do we really want one man's view of the whole of history? And if he wants to give it to us, isn't that rather a large ambition on his part?

But within the limits set by an impossible form there is much in this work we can be grateful for. When the public lecturer's formal goodwill tightens into genuine enthusiasm, he is cogent and exciting. Suddenly an acute perception disturbs the sliding description and the smooth abstraction, for example when he says of Milton's *Arcades*, 'One does not readily think of Milton . . . as writing from halfway up Fortune's Hill with his eye on the summit', or on *Religio Medici*, 'any admission of difference is softly tucked away within brackets'. And when his sympathies are truly engaged he can be nervous and convincing, as when he writes on Scottish literature. These sections are probably the best thing in the work and distinctly superior to a recent over-praised production. Above all Daiches, unlike an eminent Edinburgh predecessor, never gives the impression that he takes literature to be the academic equivalent, or even the supplement to, Cockburn and Havanas. His attitude is that fundamentally serious (not solemn) one which seems especially appropriate today when we feel with peculiar force and directness that literature matters.

And if we ask why so many contemporary minds should feel the intense relevance of literature to our deepest concerns, the answer must be that we are painfully conscious in ourselves of a progressive dehumanisation. Nothing gives more intimate, more accurate testimony to the quality of feeling in a society, to its sense for truth in being, to its capacity for true relations, than its use of language, and it is hardly surprising that so many have noted in our own time a degeneration of language, a corruption in the essential means of thought and feeling. We use a medium bleached of humanity in every sphere, in politics, administration, education, the social sciences – a Martian discourse lethargic with passives and numb with the impersonal. We find this dehumanisation, too, in the language designed to be read by ordinary people and increasingly used by them, something run up out of a rag-bag of clichés and routine catchwords, too gross to make distinctions, too fabricated to correspond to what is real and important. Implicit in both is a conception of man as half animal, half machine. We are compelled, therefore, to turn to where language is used most powerfully, subtly and inclusively, to literature. There we have access to a rich source – perhaps in our conditions the richest source – of the best experience of the finest minds, experience which is insistently present in all its vitality and complexity, but also ordered and articulated: an immense collaboration of the most gifted in a full rendering of the one essential theme, what it is to be a human being. It is because at their best they can develop a mature sense of this sort that we attribute such importance to literary studies.

But the educational question remains. How do we foster it in ourselves and communicate it to our students and our society? Well, not, I am sure, by a limp and elongated diet of literary history. Let the scholars establish the texts, determine their provenance, analyse their conditions. Let the students get their history from real historians and their notions of society from anthropologists and sociologists. But the essential facts in literary studies are literary facts and these can be come at only with the help of those qualified by gift and training to respond fully to the words of the text – the literary critics. Their function is to make us free, luminously free, of the humanity of great writers.

WILLIAM WALSH

A Sentimental Education

Green Henry. By GOTTFRIED KELLER. Translated by A. M. HOLT. *Calder.* 21*s.*

At first sight Gottfried Keller's masterpiece is one of those massive Alpine works that one is glad to leave respectfully to students and culture climbers. But, as a *bildungsroman* written in the middle of the last century, it is far less formidable than it appears to be. Keller was a prose writer of great delicacy and of swift delightful perception. The book is an autobiography and its merit lies in its fidelity to the movements of the heart, its honesty, and the originality of its episodes. Grave though Keller is, he is as light as air. He does the perennial subject of the angry young man, far better than any of our contemporaries, yet, in his dispassionate observation, he seems to be closer to us than are our own Victorians, for he is not morally congested. It is wronk to think of him as long, heavy and detailed; he is spacious and minutely excited.

In *Green Henry* Keller describes his childhood in Switzerland and his youth in Munich. His father was a joiner and builder who exhausted himself by work and died young. The boy was brought up by his mother and soon showed signs of a high imaginative spirit and a good deal of headlong pride. Much of Keller's art lies in his wonderful gift for describing how the imagination invaded his character and his actions. The boy lies and steals, for example, in a state of ecstasy. When he grows up he decides to become a painter and has painfully to contend with his lack of talent; in his love affairs he has to deal with his surly self-will and his fatal habit of always being in love with two girls at the same time. He lives among the artists in Munich and, cured at last of the delusion that he is a great man he returns miserably to Switzerland to find his mother, who has sacrificed herself to him, dead. He takes a modest official job and is rewarded by the friendship of one of the early loves he has egotistically neglected. A moral story, but not in the Victorian manner; for this prodigal has retained, in all his misfortunes and illusions, his passion for freedom and the dignity of his visions. He has established his exceptional nature. He does not return as a Bohemian vagrant, nor does he sink to the humdrum level of the local burghers. In his own life, Keller was a political poet and a democrat of '48.

If some of the chapters of Green Henry's moral progress are only of academic interest now, his response to people and to nature is true and alive. We have lost the art of such tranquil observation which can only emerge in a settled world. The account of his early love for Anna and Judith for example has a parallel in Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*,

but in Keller, the poet, there is more frankness and spontaneous gaiety, more feeling for the comedy and sadness of love, and the sensuality is neither constipated nor literary. Always the insights are fine. When for example the strange blackmailing schoolboy who has tortured Green Henry for years is killed in an accident, there is this comment:

> My conscious thoughts were grim and sombre, and remained so; but my inmost heart, that which cannot be disciplined, laughed aloud and was glad. If I had seen him suffer or had looked at his corpse, then I have no doubt but that compassion and regret would have seized me; the event unseen, however, the word that my enemy had all at once ceased to exist, gave me a feeling of reconciliation, but it was the reconciliation of satisfaction, not of pain; of revenge, and not of love . . . Even today . . . I fear that my subsequent concern over this calamity was the flowering of my intellect rather than my heart, so deeply rooted was my hatred.

Everything that Keller writes about his growth has this precision.

The accounts of life in the Swiss villages are vivacious and all the portraits are brilliant miniatures. The frugal widow worrying about her son and behaving with moral dignity and motherly narrowness, is perfect; so is the dotty Dame Margaret who lives in a fantastic imaginary world, but who is far from being an old Dickensian character. Keller's psychological curiosity saves him from caricature. Later on in the book, the chapters describing the carnival in Munich and the silly love affairs that went on there, are excellent. Green Henry's behaviour is marred by an egotism that is very intelligently appraised by his friends; but, throughout the book, whether it is lyrical, didactic or comical, the author's firm belief in the free spirit exhilarates the reader. Keller's Arcadia may be sedate but he is the independent troubling its balmy airs. 'You shall not misuse his life for your own happiness' Judith declares to herself when she meets her lover after many years. It is a sentence that could have been spoken by any of the characters in this gravely laughing book. One sees why Keller was a revolutionary who made such a point of responsibility.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Mediterranean Poetry

Six Poets of Modern Greece. Translated and introduced by EDMUND KEELEY and PHILIP SHERRARD. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

Translations of poetry should be judged within the framework of a virtually impossible undertaking. There is no doubt that 'form' is part of the 'content' of art, and language is the most important part of form in poetry. By changing language the poetic message is inevitably altered, for words and their rhythms have a different 'mood' in every tongue, even if they convey the same meaning. But in spite of the fundamental damage that even the best translation does, a successful translator can give much of the thought and a fair amount of the feeling of the original to those ignorant of the language in which the poetry was composed. And much is indeed given by these successful translations and the helpful introduction.

The authors have chosen the six most interesting poets that appeared on the modern Greek poetic scene after Kostis Palamas, the founder of the 'New School of

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Athens'. Cavafy, Sikelianos and Seferis are undoubtedly the three most distinguished names of the second quarter of this century, and much that is delightful can be found in the writings of Elytis. Of a lower standard are Gatsos and Antonious.

Of the three leading poets Cavafy and Seferis are admirably represented in this selection. The strange 'Alexandrian' world of Cavafy with its whimsical wisdom, and the tragic fate of modern man as Seferis has seen it, come fully to life in translations as relaxed and often with as firm a hold on reality as the original. Sikelianos, on the other hand, is inadequately represented. The translations cover little of the mystic turn and universal significance the poet gave to the national Greek historic and religious symbols, nor do they ever bring to life the virile exuberance of the original verse. Sikelianos proves once again to be untranslatable.

It is with renewed pleasure that one turns to the poems of Elytis. Not only the younger Elytis is represented here, the poet of the blue Aegean islands and youthful nostalgia, but also the later and maturer poet – for there was a long gap of silence between the two – and both are adequately and delicately treated. In the few translations of Antonious and Gatsos we catch a glimpse of the lonely sea-captain and his thoughts, and something of the poet who endeavoured to combine and fuse symbolism and the modern Greek folk-song.

The introduction is admirably constructed, and much useful information can be found in the notes which conclude the book. The authors of this attractive anthology should be congratulated for so skilfully introducing to the English-speaking world a Mediterranean poetry of ancient wisdom and youthful vigour, in translations that can be enjoyed even by those who have known and loved many of the originals.

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Professional Profile

A History of the Nursing Profession. By BRIAN ABEL-SMITH. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

'You can't judge hospitals from television programmes', Mr Abel-Smith suggested two years ago in his stirring essay in *Conviction.* What is true of hospitals is at least as true of nurses. In an effort to arrive at an informed contemporary judgment he has turned to history, and in this very readable book examines the rise of the nursing profession during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He has deliberately restricted his scope, and concentrates on recruitment, remuneration, conditions of work and professional organisation.

The story is absorbing in itself. It starts with a contrast, which, as Mr Abel-Smith suggests, may sometimes be overdrawn, between the age of the Sarah Gamps and Betsy Prigs and the age of Florence Nightingale. It abounds throughout in powerful personalities, some of them known only to patients, others as forceful in public, if not as fascinating in private, as Florence Nightingale. Its inner politics have often been colourful and sometimes highly dramatic. The call to battle has been sounded on more than one occasion. 'Are the Registered nurses going to submit to this outrage like dumb, driven cattle', Mrs Bedford Fenwick asked, for example, in 1923, 'or are they going to appeal to the King in Council and seek redress?' There has always been a whiff of warfare about both the discipline and the rhetoric of nursing, and certainly the fortunes of no profession, except the armed services themselves, have been so directly influenced by modern war. This is because war necessitates both the organisation of killing and wounding and the organisation of services to repair, restore and heal. The effects of war on the 'dilution' of the profession and its subsequent reorganisation dominate nursing history.

Yet the history is absorbing not only in itself but because of the light it casts on bigger social themes—the changing position of women and the new role of professionalism within modern society. 'The nurse question is the woman question', proclaimed Mrs Fenwick, who was both nursing leader and suffragette: long before that, a writer in a popular magazine nearly 90 years ago described nursing as a 'sphere of action' in which women would not have to compete with men but from the start would enjoy special advantages. It is interesting to compare the position of men in nursing with the position of women in occupations where men have been confident that it is they who possess special advantages. Of course, an extra twist has been given to this aspect of nursing history by the fact that there has always been a keenly felt contrast not only between women and men but between women and 'ladies'. It is difficult to imagine what the history of nursing would have been like without this twist.

The twist is relevant also to Mr Abel-Smith's main interest, the development of an organised nursing profession. He describes in detail the struggle for registration, the formation of rival professional groups, the creation (after political intervention) of the first General Nursing Council in 1920, and the lively professional debates about entry, grades of nursing and auxiliary service and conditions of work. He examines in rather less detail the content of training, the social background of nurses and the relationship between professional and trade-union consciousness. He notes the main chronological landmarks, but there is not the same rigorous analysis that can be found in David Lockwood's study of the black-coated worker.

Given the growing interest in the influence of professional power on modern Britain, one of the main themes of Professor Titmuss's recent Fabian pamphlet, Mr Abel-Smith's book should command a wider audience than those interested in the history and current problems of nursing. The policies of professional groups are matters which concern the whole community, and the history of the making of these policies should be publicised outside the ranks of the profession. Unfortunately the lessons of history are not simple, experience may be interpreted in different ways, and history by itself is an inadequate guide. All these points become clear when general talk about professional power is tested by reference to specific instances.

Mr Abel-Smith concludes from his study that the standards laid down by professional bodies for entry into the nursing profession have resulted in the shortage of nurses which handicaps the very people the profession exists to serve. He admits that there might be a shortage of nurses in any case and that other factors besides standards of entry (notably public parsimony) are responsible for the present shortage. How can the interested member of the general public (who may be a member of a profession himself) weight the various factors? Must he not turn to an expert, who himself must abandon history and concern himself with other enquiries before he can reach a conclusion? Research, for example, on job analysis in hospitals, of the kind sponsored by the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust, or on the social and educational background of nurses *now* is of fundamental importance. So too is the critical evaluation of the experience of other societies. There are one or two brief references in Mr Abel-Smith's book to nursing overseas. When the history of nursing has followed a different course, what has been the effect on standards of service and numbers of entrants? Even a little comparative history – like a little sociology – will go a long way in clarifying explanations.

One 'lesson' of the particular history of nursing in England may be that during the nineteenth century much of the service the community derived from nurses was obtained 'on the cheap'. This was because service, status and standards were closely related. What have been the effects of switches from professional to trade-union power? This is one of the interesting subjects touched on in this volume which has general bearings. In his pioneer chapters on professionalism, published in 1921, Graham Wallas coupled trade unionism and professionalism in the same analysis: in *The Irresponsible Society* Professor Titmuss did not mention trade unions at all. Yet it is where trade-union and professional history meet that some of the most intricate problems of our society can be found. That there are paradoxes as well as problems is apparent in Mr Abel-Smith's suggestion that the skill of the trade unions in collective bargaining has promoted the status and membership of the Royal College of Nursing. At the present

time interesting discussions are in progress about such matters as the creation of professional sense within and through trade unions and the relationship between general education and trade-union and professional education. These discussions touch sensitive points concerning social purpose in twentieth-century society just as Florence Nightingale touched sensitive points in Victorian society when she first decided to take up nursing as a vocation.

ASA BRIGGS

The Tragic Rift

The Foundations of Judaism and Christianity. By JAMES PARKES. *Valentine Mitchell.* 42*s.*

The Rev. Dr Parkes has spent most of his life fighting anti-semitism, first as secretary of the International Student Service in Geneva, between 1928 and 1935, and then as a scholar seeking the theological origins of the hatred toward Jews. *The Foundations of Judaism and Christianity* is his latest effort to dispel evil with intelligence.

Dr Parkes begins by deploring the phrase, 'Late Judaism', which Christian historians apply to the period beginning in 538 BC, with the return from Babylonian exile. This, he says, was the flowering-time of Judaism. It should no more be described as the end of an earlier, livelier period than Elizabethan England should be described as the Late Middle Ages. 'Bad history cannot be the foundation for good theology,' writes Dr Parkes, and he blames bad history for many of the tragedies in Christian-Jewish relations. But first he justifies his belief that the days between 538 BC and the coming of Jesus were the time when Judaism took shape and grew strong, so that both the people and the religion could survive millennia of persecution. He lists the following achievements:

> The inauguration of a popular worship based not on sacrifice but on prayer, praise and instruction; the acceptance by the religious leaders of an obligation to bring the whole people into practising a way of daily living pleasing to God; the establishment of Holy Scriptures *including history*, and the recognition that this involved a duty constantly to interpret those Scriptures so that they were applicable to the changing conditions of life; the belief that God spoke through these interpretations with the same authority as he had originally spoken in the calling of the nation at Sinai; the discovery of man as fully personal; the deepened understanding of the nature of sin and of the holiness of God; belief in a future life, whether by resurrection or immortality.

This reviewer questions the last item, for he has been taught that many Jews take an agnostic view in regard to future life. A contemporary rabbi says: 'The Jews have never agreed on what happens after death. Most Jews of recent centuries have recited the Credo of Maimonides, the twelfth-century physician-philosopher who affirmed the physical resurrection of the dead. But the hearts of many stricken Jews have also echoed the lament of Job, "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more".' Yet Dr Parkes' list of achievements confutes the view that this half millennium was a period of decay and of lessened spiritual insight. And once we adopt 'a positive attitude to the religious developments which followed the return from exile', once we see the period as 'the opening pages of one of the most magnifi-

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cent adventures of the human spirit, the attempt to weave the teachings of the prophets into the warp and woof of the life of every member of the nation', we are prepared for the main thesis of this book: 'that the religion of Judaism is a parallel, and not a predecessor, to that of Christianity'.

Judaism is not a first stage, an inadequate vision which should bow itself out of history upon the arrival of perfection in the person of Jesus. Judaism and Christianity are complementary, not contradictory. The first is concerned with man as a member of society and the second with man as a lonely soul seeking his lonely salvation. The first demands orthopraxis and the second orthodoxy. A fruitful tension should prevail between them, rather than contumely.

Since Dr Parkes holds these views, one can understand why he is quoted in a recent interview as saying 'the Fathers made me sick'. He does not quote the sickening passages; but in order to remind ourselves of the sad (and unnecessary?) rift between the churches, let us turn to St John Chrysostom:

> Brothel and theatre, a synagogue is also a cave full of brigands, the lair of wild beasts ... Living for their bellies, their mouths always agape, the Jews behave no better than swine or goats ... They know only one way to behave: to gorge themselves and to make themselves drunk.

This is not an apt picture of fruitful tension between two inheritors of divine commands. What caused the break? Dr Parkes gives chief blame to St Paul. Jesus did not reject Sinai. He said that not one jot or tittle of the Law should pass away, and that the scribes 'sat in Moses' seat' and should be obeyed. But he asked his followers to go further, to adopt a standard of forgiveness, of purity and of love which no law could enforce. 'It is surely unnecessary,' writes Dr Parkes, 'to substitute one conception for the other or to deny the validity, in the present world, of both. Christianity is not a substitute for Israel, nor is its mission made unnecessary by the survival of Judaism.' This was not Paul's view.

'It is the Pauline abuse of Torah,' says Dr Parkes, 'and its repetition and accentuation by authors who knew very little of what they were attacking, which has been the main and most impassable barrier between the two religions . . . Such an attitude to Judaism is the disastrous consequence of setting the extravagance of Paul before the measured and sober attitude of Jesus himself.'

This book is a noble attempt to trace the origin of a seemingly incurable Christian disease. Few historians have dared to make the effort; even a partial diagnosis may help.

HERBERT AGAR

Wildness and Wet

Ring of Bright Water. By GAVIN MAXWELL. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Mr Maxwell's home in the West Highland seaboard is half-an-hour's rough walking from a road, and from the only neighbours within five miles; he speaks of it, in this book about his life at Camusfearna, as a place 'where one may retire to lick new wounds and plan fresh journeys to further horizons'. But let no one suppose he is going to read about a quiet retreat from the world of telegrams and anger. The tone of this splendid book is dramatic, not idyllic; violence and cruelty rage through it, and by the end the victims are million. Hill-foxes disembowel newborn lambs (whose afterbirths have already been torn apart by hoodie-crows); a hind rears up and slashes with her foot-hooves at an eagle who threatens her calf; a wild cat mangles the kittens he has sired on a domestic puss; a whale rips a slice off the flank of a live seal, for sport. In May, armies of elvers surge up the burn and assault the waterfalls, where herons scoop them up by the billfull. One summer evening, the sea's edge is all silver: a titanic shoal of herring-fry, driven inshore by mackerel; and 'beyond them, black against the blanched sunset water, rose the towering sabre fin of a bull killer whale, the ultimate enemy of sea creatures great and small, the unattackable; his single terrible form controlling by its mere presence the billions of lives between himself and the shore'.

It is not all slaughter. There is 'the pure glory of the dolphins' leap as they shot up a clear ten feet out of the sea, one after the other, in high parabolas of flashing silver at the very boat's side'. There are the wild swans 'spiralling down, ghostly in the moonlight, to alight with a long swish of planing feet on to the lochan's surface'. Mr Maxwell teaches an otter to swim (he can't himself) and grey-lag goslings to fly ('Jimmy would run in front of them wildly flapping his arms in a mime of flight'). But I think it is because of the violence and wildness all around that the stories of the three domestic animals who shared Camusfearna with Mr Maxwell are so moving. They were Jonnie the springer spaniel, whose death of old age drove his master away for over a year; Mij, the otter acquired in the marshes of Arabia and classified by the Natural History Museum as *Lutrogale perspicillata maxwelli*; and, after Mij's senseless killing by a lorry-driver, Edal, the otter from West Africa whom a fantastic coincidence brought to the West Highlands just as Mr Maxwell was despairing of ever finding another otter to live with him – if 'live with him' is the right phrase for a creature who ripped the bedclothes and yanked the pillows off him every morning, and rushed up from the sea or burn 'to deposit his skinload of water indiscriminately upon myself and my manuscript'.

Mij is the centre of the book, as he was the centre round which for a year revolved Mr Maxwell's life. The prose and the photographs convince one of the charm of the dry otter at play – 'an animal that might have been specifically designed to please a child' – and of its grace in water. (There is also a series of drawings by Michael Ayrton of Mij swooping and spiralling in a glass-sided tank.) But Mij plays another part in the book, as he did in Mr Maxwell's life: he seems to have widened the doors of perception for him, as if in following Mij up the burn, across the white beaches or out to the islands, Mr Maxwell was entering more deeply into his own home. So for the reader, too, Mij becomes the channel through which we can experience, without much scene-painting, that marvellous country of hills and bright water.

JANET ADAM SMITH

The Eaglet

Napoleon's Son. By ANDRE CASTELOT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

In writing this new life of the Duke of Reichstadt, M. Castelot has been fortunate in being able to draw upon an enormous stock of previously unpublished material that has come to light in the last few years. From the age of four until he died of tuberculosis 17 years later, Napoleon's son, who had once been King of Rome, lived at his grandfather's Court in Vienna, being relentlessly transformed into an Austrian Archduke – or such was Metternich's fond belief. Count Maurice von Dietrichstein, who supervised the Duke's upbringing from childhood to manhood, furnished weekly information on his pupil's progress, or lack of progress, to the boy's mother Marie Louise in her distant Duchy of Parma. And from these 870 confidential school-reports, recently unearthed, M. Castelot reconstructs an almost day-by-day record of the poor fellow's caged and unloved existence. Probably only one woman ever loved him; and that was his French governess, of whom the Austrians brutally deprived him as soon as they could. (His mother was too selfish to feel maternal affection, and too busy bearing illegitimate children in secret to Count Neipperg.) The only genuine male friend he ever made was a Major Prokesch; and it was a mere matter of months before Metternich disposed of that unwelcome interloper in the heartless training programme.

For the whole plan of education was designed to school young Napoleon to jump through Hapsburg hoops like some performing animal. A pliable young man of that name might come in handy at any time. There were kingdoms going occasionally – Greece, Belgium, Poland. He might even become Emperor of the French like his father, if Louis Philippe turned too disobliging. But while Metternich toyed with the possibilities and kept his candidate for a throne on ice, the candidate himself died of cold. At least that is the verdict of M. Castelot, who believes that if Reichstadt had not been refused permission to winter in Italy for diplomatic reasons after his lungs were affected, his life would have been saved.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Whether, had he lived, *L'Aiglon* would ever have taken wing from the Viennese poultry yard and flown sky-high like his cousin Napoleon III will remain a matter of argument, even after the detailed insight into his character afforded by this book. At his death he was still a divided personality, between his prime loyalty to France and his adopted loyalty to Austria, between his father's restless ambition and his mother's easy-going acceptance of life. But there is a Hapsburg look about his death-mask which might indicate the way the balance was tilting. M. Castelot naturally thinks the opposite; and that the world and France were robbed of a saviour in Napoleonic shape. But M. Castelot is not a divided personality: he is a dyed-in-the-wool Bonapartist. His admirable work of scholarship is peppered with prejudice. For him Marie Louise is the faithless wife of a devoted husband; Metternich an unspeakable villain; and Marmont, even at this time of day, an unforgivable traitor.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Georgian Gossip

Betsy Sheridan's Journal. Edited by WILLIAM LEFANU. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.

The poor relation, living on sufferance on the edge of prosperous society, takes usually a sour view of the world and its people. It is greatly to the credit of Sheridan's younger sister Betsy that her Journal, intimately written to her sister with never a thought in her head of publication, is observant without being malicious. It is for the most part a quiet domestic chronicle; but since Richard Brinsley Sheridan at the time she wrote was already a famous playwright, lessee and manager of Drury Lane, and on the way to his greatest successes in the political field, it contains shrewd glimpses of the smart world of the late eighteenth century. Sheridan was a close friend and adviser of the Prince of Wales, and George the Third's first period of madness was the time of his highest hopes, when he lived in a world of brilliance and wealth and could never guess that he would die in penury.

Poor Betsy was always in money difficulties, and no wonder, for she was dependent first on her father and then on her brothers, and the Sheridans had an Irish evasiveness in such matters. The father, Thomas Sheridan, a self-centred old actor who had lost his theatre and his fortune in the Dublin riots of 1756, led a scraping existence in lodgings in London and various fashionable watering-places. He was usually on venomous terms with his two sons. Charles, the elder, a prosperous government servant, was stingy and censorious and could be counted on to be unhelpful: his recriminatory letters to his father and Betsy were so copious that the pages had to be stitched together, like pamphlets. Richard, the kind and charming brother, was full of promises, but often too deeply in debt and absorbed in his own affairs to remember them. It was from his wife, the beautiful singer Elizabeth Linley, that Betsy received most kindness; she took Betsy into their home after her father's death and introduced her into the great world—an experience which Betsy enjoyed with reservations: she disapproved of fashionable morals and was made ill by late hours.

Her letter-journal to her married sister in Ireland, Alicia LeFanu, is full of the sort of intelligence that a sister living in the country would be eager to have. Changes in fashionable dress are minutely reported, even to the amount of stuffing permissible in a 'rump' and the number of yards of ribbon that should depend from a hat. Sheridan's intimacy with the Prince of Wales provides some unendearing glimpses of the Royal Family and especially of Queen Charlotte, on whom poor Fanny Burney was in close and tedious attendance.

> It seems the employment She has about the Queen is litterally of that kind that requires absolute servile attendance. At Eight oclock every morning She must be drest for the day in great form and always be within call, and so far from deriving any advantages from her litterary talents The Queen has made it a point that She shall write no more Novels.

By the glamorous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Betsy was only moderately impressed. 'She cannot I think be called fat but upon the whole I think there is too much of her. She gives me the idea of being *larger* than life.' Perhaps on this point at least Betsy Sheridan was prejudiced: her brother Richard had long been the lover of Lady Duncannon, the Duchess's sister, and for Eliza Sheridan's sake she hated them both.

Altogether the great world did not make her less sensible and down-to-earth. With Irish shrewdness she saw through its glittering surface, and when at last she became engaged to her sister Alicia's young brother-in-law, Henry LeFanu, a half-pay officer with no prospects, she did not repine. 'I have had a peep at the Raree Show of the great world without trouble or risk, and not being young enough to have my brain turn'd shall enjoy my broil'd bone in Cuffe St with as much pleasure as ever.' One is glad to know that she lived to enjoy 30 years of married happiness, that her sister Alicia treasured her early journal, and that it is Alicia's great-great-grandson who has now affectionately edited it.

MARGARET LANE

Strange Bedfellows

Oysters. By C. M. YONGE. *Collins.* 21s.

The Glorious Oyster. Edited by HECTOR BOLITHO. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25s.

From Aristotle and Apuleius to Carroll and Mayhew, the oyster has enjoyed an extraordinarily good press. Here are two more books about it – one, Professor Yonge's, a serious study in the New Naturalist series but written by a dedicated enthusiast and thoroughly readable, the other Mr Bolitho's light-hearted anthology, which contains plates after Jan Steen, Braque and others and enough scientific information, by Dr Maurice Burton, for the general reader.

Oysters, say the New Naturalist editors, 'exemplify the extreme of specialisation for a current-feeding life: one is staggered by the beautiful complexity of their mechanisms for producing water-currents and for sifting and selecting food-particles . . .' They also have, in the crystalline *style* (a rotating rod, here likened to 'a sort of miniature shaving-stick' and to a capstan about which mucous threads are wound like rope), 'the nearest thing to a wheel-mechanism, that life has been able to produce.' This wheel may well have been at work in billions of oysters' stomachs, ceaselessly discharging its digestive enzyme, long before man invented his clumsier wheel; for Professor Yonge quotes the statement that 'an

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Monday: The Concise Encyclopaedia of **Archaeology,** ed. **Leonard Cottrell** 50s.

Hutchinson

oyster of 200,000,000 years or more in the past would look perfectly familiar if served in a restaurant today.'

Served in a restaurant! At a guinea a dozen, this is a luxury for the few today. (A century ago, at four a penny, it was food for the poor.) It is to Mr Bolitho's book that those contemplating this supreme, yet simple, gastronomic experience must turn; there is a chapter, bearing the honoured name of Bentley, which gives the essential advice – eat them raw. Yet even this is not quite emphatic enough: as they glisten on the plate before you, they must be not only raw but still living. I always advise tyros (but *after* the first dozen) to watch each oyster closely when squeezing on it the lemon-juice that is the only approved condiment: as the sharp juice touches it, the silver-grey flesh may be seen to wince.

Members of the RSPCA need not, however, reach for their letters-to-the-editor pad: the New Naturalist editors assure us that their (the oysters') 'sensory organs and nervous systems have degenerated', and that 'they no longer possess anything that can be called a head or a brain, merely a set of smallish ganglia'; so that we 'need have few qualms about their suffering when swallowed.'

This is the most curious of all the facts about the oyster: it is the only domestic animal which man eats alive. But this unique honour is only one aspect, if the most sublime one, of a special, perhaps atavistic, intimacy. Oysters are, so to speak, strange bedfellows, living out boldly the wildest dreams of some of their consumers. The vagaries of their sex-life are good enough for the *News of the World*: the English ones, anyway, change sex frequently throughout their lives. Their fecundity is stupendous: one American female is said by Dr Burton to have spawned 114,800,000 eggs in about an hour. (He does not say who counted them.) Some of them are irritated now and then into producing pearls – which, again, seem to demand of their human owners a peculiar closeness, since they become dull and 'dead' unless worn often. Perhaps Samuel Butler got near the truth when he wrote (of oysters): 'There is no true love short of eating and consequent assimilation.' The reverent and ardent consumption of oysters may be the last survival, in a superficially civilised age, of an erotic or magical cannibalism once widespread.

I should like to see a post-Freudian examination of this whole cultus – called, perhaps, *Prolegomena to the Study of the Ostriarian Syndrome*. What about oyster-openers, for instance? What do they dream about? Is it satisfying or frustrating to spend your life, wielding the sharpest knife in common use, invading that craggy bivalve, severing the muscle – and then handing over the deep shell with its quivering virgin tenant, ozone-fragrant, to be gobbled by some businessman?

Soon the knives will be sharpened for that great Essex institution, the Colchester oyster feast (at which Mr James Callaghan and I once ate five dozen apiece). The Colchester oysters – the world's finest, as the Romans knew – have survived the vicious depredations or unmannerly competition of starfish, sting winkle, slipper limpet, dogwhelk, and (second worst of America's anti-life exports to Britain) oyster drill or whelk tingle. I hope that their ingeniously selective constitution, fortified by the expert assistance of the Burnham-on-Crouch researchers may enable them also to cope with the abominable effluent with which the nuclear power-station at Bradwell-juxta-Mare will shortly be befouling the Blackwater estuary hitherto their tranquil nursery.

TOM DRIBERG

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BODLEY HEAD

New Novels

The Custard Boys. By JOHN RAE. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Descend Again. By JANET BURROWAY. *Faber.* 16*s.*

The Chinese Love Pavilion. By PAUL SCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

Where The Boys Are. By GLENDON SWARTHOUT. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The adolescent gang and the *acte gratuit* have become stock properties in fact and fiction. If only they would turn into their opposites: a group of senile mystics who do some carefully planned good work! But I do not mean to mock at *The Custard Boys*. This is a promising first novel that has to be taken seriously. It is told in the first person by John Curlew, a boy at a grammar school in East Anglia during the war, the son of sound petit-bourgeois parents. He belongs not very enthusiastically to an awkward-age gang who commit various atrocities like ritual cat-hunting. Later he falls half in love with Mark, a Jewish new boy. Mark is accused of cowardice in a fight with the local proletarian youths. They stage a mock execution with live ammunition for show but someone fails to substitute his blank for the live cartridge and Mark is shot. There is an enquiry and a lot of fuss which dies down gradually; but the effect on John is lasting.

Mr Rae writes clearly but with just that rather ponderous display of emotion that is sometimes the mark of the traumatic documentary. One can permit his publisher's opening gambit in the blurb: 'We thought this was autobiography'. He keeps his story moving and he has a keen eye for class differences, almost too keen at times when he seems to become unduly self-conscious. There are one or two places when the *tour de force* is not altogether convincing. The opening cat hunt across country on bicycle, despite its all too plausible cruelty, did not strike me as quite correctly imagined: for instance that description of the cat: 'Streams of saliva lined its face and sweat shone on its fur.' But on the whole I was impressed.

Descend Again, also a first novel, also set in 1943, more promising, really, is short, rather disjointed, very sensitive and curiously intense. It is about a crisis in the life of Millie Delaney, an orphan schoolmistress in Arizona, a strange young person to find there, a literary introvert with a distinct tang to her tongue. One factor is her star pupil, a Mexican boy genius. The other is her sudden, 48-hour love affair with a wandering conscientious objector, one Toad Emerod—surely a psychologically significent name for a tall fair handsome lover. She turns him away impulsively, descending again from exaltation into Plato's prisoners' cave, and finds she is pregnant. Miss Burroway is not as yet a very tidy story teller; we never see Millie's invalid step-great-grandmother who dies off-stage; but she makes the impact of an original. And a lot of her writing is quite excellent. Her minor characters are nice and knobbly, rather after the manner of Faulkner, and she has a good eye for the difficult complex detail. Her close-up of the local Schools Superintendent, a pleasing buffoon named Duncan Angelberger, tethering a June Bug with a thread of cotton, s a delicious piece of comic description; and she does the desert very well indeed for you.

I enjoyed *The Chinese Love Pavilion* enormously, but I refuse to take it seriously. It seems to me a most skilfully written blend of suspenseful romantic-tough erotic-nostalgic adventure with Conradian mystical defeatism, full of ingenious tricks and chances and equivocations that make for an effect of depth. The background is first-hand and there is some useful characterisation. The mysterious eccentric Saxby, a shaggy plant-collector mystic with a touch of Wingate, perhaps, is a splendid figment. Tom Brent, the narrator, meets him before the war in Bombay and dives, under his tutelage, beneath the surface of life in India and Malaya. This is the prologue to the main body of the book, in Malaya, after the war, during which off-stage Saxby has been a guerrilla leader. Now, largely unseen by the reader, he is carrying on a solus liquidation campaign against wartime collaborators with the Japanese. Chief among these is Teena Chang, a high class Eurasian prostitute and Madame of a slap-up brothel. Brent finds her holding court at an outpost of whimsical, mildly sinister young British officers. He falls for her and there is a lot of whimsical love-making done in cunning detail. Saxby makes a last-minute appearance, dead. The end is a suicide by Teena. I should have enjoyed it all even more if Mr Scott could have cleared away some of the symbolic undergrowth which I found a bit steamy, but that is not his way. He should not take less than £20,000 for the film rights.

The American adolescent monologue may

have become a set form, but that does not make it an easy one. Narrator of *Where The Boys Are* is Merritt, a knowing campus queen vacationing in Florida with her girl friend, Tuggle. Her motto is: life is a long blind date. She quacks on brightly, animadverting about whatever comes into her head, more particularly her current love affairs with an embryo tycoon, an Ivy League university product with a social conscience, and a beat pop singer. On the last page she is pregnant, not sure by which. It is quite lively and amusing, but Mr Swarthout, though a clever writer, is not enough of a Tiresias to make the transposition of the sexes seem altogether convincing. Merritt, for all her erotic preoccupation, makes a curious effect of sexlessness. Too often her quack is that of a robot.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,598 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to devise an imaginary new English dialect and to compose in it up to 150 words of dialogue. Explanations, which must be brief, must be included in the text. Entries by 18 October.

Result of No. 1,595 **Set by Vercingetorix**

We understand that one of the superior Sunday papers is about to serialise Montgomery's *De Bello Gallico* and Caesar's account of the Normandy landings. Extracts are invited from the English or Latin versions of either of these features.

Report

Montgomery is of course a sitter for parody, but Caesar's elegant pride is much more difficult. H. A .C. Evans and others got his style right in Latin, but not enough of the smoothly operating man. Adrienne Gascoigne found a swift and airy description of 'Ducks':

> Erant praeterea naves insolitae quae et in aqua ad nandum et in terra tamquam testudines ad eundum paratae erant,

and she caught the Roman Practical Sense about the pills:

> nostri tamen non vomuerunt, quia novo nauseae remedio, vulgo dicto Mothersill vel Quells, usi sunt.

Though I enjoyed the exaggerations that Montgomery couldn't quite have written – 'The average Roman soldier is the salt of the earth – his devotion to me is amazing and might well be exploited by a lesser man.' (Michael Jon Douse), I award prizes of a guinea each to R. Kennard Davis for a piece of cruelty well within the bounds of Montgomeryesque and to E. O. Parrott for a successful projection into Monty's Roman past, first prize of two guineas to D.A.J.S. for a jovial conflation in Latin of both generals – Caesar's universal paragraph about the battle that doesn't go well until his personal intervention, and a transition to Montigomerex which is pure, doggy joy.

> The chief reason for my success was the magnificent morale of the Roman legionary. I had taken pains to make myself known to every soldier, to look him in the eye, and make him feel that he could trust me to share his privations, to spare him needless risks, and to observe and reward courage and discipline. Disloyalty and bellyaching were sternly repressed; the splendid co-operation of Labienus and Quintus Cicero received due recognition. The Gauls, under the able Vercingetorix, fought bravely, but he lacked strategic skill and

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the personality to weld his tribesmen into an effective fighting machine. Hence when it came to a showdown I was able to disrupt his forces and hit him for six.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

. . . Britanni ad oram prima luce advenerunt et e navibus egressi in castra Germanorum impetum fecerunt. Proelio ante solis ortum incepto, ad horam sextam incerto Marte pugnabant; hic alteri, illic alteri superare videbantur. Tum demum Montigomerex, birettam ut solebat gerens, ad aciem adproperavit et milites more suo hortatus est: 'Vos', inquit, 'in picturam ponere volo: Hic nos adsumus, ibi hostes. Nobis est propositum illos destruere; plura, ut spero, non sunt dicenda'.

Nec mora; animis sic incitatis, Britanni in hostes tam vehementer sese intulerunt ut oram totam mox obtinerent. Quod videns, Montigomerex: 'Nostri venerunt, me viderunt, vicerunt', dixit.

D.A.J.S.

It had become clear to me that Gallus was incapable of modern clear-thinking ballistic-wise. He still thought in terms of spearheads. He lacked drive, having what I term 'The Palisade Mind'. He also dressed in regulation uniform. I had him sent home where he was a great success with the Circuses. Each man has his niche.

I took command myself. Efficiency and morale improved pronto. During the week that followed I drove round the entire lines, with Og, my Celtic driver, dressed in some assorted Sicilian armour. I was in the armour; Og, being a native, just wore paint.

E. O. PARROTT

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The grid lines, carrying 132,000 volts, pass over our orchard. In wet or misty weather there is a constant crepitation and some sparking from the point of suspension of the long glass insulators. The pylons stride away across the country towards Maidstone and there are a number of people who will tell you that this is a grand sight and improves the scenery. But in a land where it is at last coming to be realised that industry is a means to, not an end of, life, power-carrying cables stuck up in the air are as out of place as your guts would be if, instead of carrying them decently inside you, you bore them draped about you, absurdly proud of the source, instead of the output, of your energy.

It is for this reason that, once a year, I put up a fight when the amiable young man from the Electricity Board comes and asks whether he may mutilate our ashes and elms by cutting their tops off. My objections are perfectly futile, because although the young man pretends to ask permission and to persuade me to agree, he knows, and I know he knows, that he is invested with 'powers'. I may protest until I am blue in the face, he can still cut the heads off my trees, and of me too for all I know. The tip of a tree, whether standing or if it be blown over by a gale, must not come within 12 feet of the cable. The margin of safety is enormous: in very wet weather a flash-over of 12 inches might be possible, certainly not 12 feet. I point this out to the young man. He replies that THEY insist on 12 feet, and where human life is concerned you cannot be too careful. I shock him by saying that whereas it takes a couple of centuries to make a good tree, any pair of cretins can make a man in ten minutes.

* * *

The Central Electricity Board with its high-voltage lines is not the only sinner. The local boards drape the countryside and even country towns and villages with 11,000-volt lines carried aloft on wooden poles to feed their transformers, also on wooden poles, stuck up like quills upon the fretful porpentine. And from these transformers radiate the 240-volt lines to feed the houses and cottages, farms and rural factories, likewise borne aloft on yet more poles. There are half a dozen points within a couple of miles of my house where all three kinds of wires on three kinds of poles or pylons, criss-cross in four or five directions, the confusion being added to by the Post Office telephone wires, and the whole composing a sort of net which hides the sky and is reminiscent of the young man, in Aldous Huxley's only and unfinished limerick, of East Anglia, whose loins were a tangle of ganglia.

It is very ugly; and ugliness here, as in other places, is reliable evidence of inefficiency, which is brought home to us at least once and often half a dozen times every year. At a critical moment in the precarious lives of 100 melon seedlings or grape-vine cuttings, the electric heating of the propagation case fails. My neighbour telephones to ask if *our* current is off too; he is stuck with 50 cows to milk and no electricity to drive the milking machine. No dinner for those who rely on electricity for cooking. Refrigerators warm up, immersion-heated water cools down. And all because a ten-minute thunder storm has struck half a dozen lines and a couple of exposed transformers. The maintenance and repair gangs of the local Board are magnificent. But it is ridiculous that a power distribution system should have to be held together night and day by human hands, which is what it amounts to.

* * *

It seems to me that this sort of thing is hardly good enough in a countryside as urbanised and sophisticated as ours. The Electricity Boards and the Post Office are not providing a temporary service for which jury-rigged equipment thrown together anyhow will do. Let them pluck up courage and realise that they are here to stay and that a permanent installation of distribution and communication lines is as appropriate in the countryside as in town. Both seemliness and operating efficiency require that all these cables and wires be put away under ground, like gas and water mains. They are properly part of the country's intestines, not its decoration. There are no technical difficulties about putting cables under ground until you come to very high voltages, and even then the difficulties can be overcome.

The one objection is that it is enormously more expensive in the first instance to bury wires than to hoist them, although maintenance costs would subsequently be lower. Quite so: it always costs more to do a job properly. But surely we, as a community which has already achieved a universal living wage, should begin to rise above the rather low standards of liberal capitalism?

City Lights

TAURUS

The bankers who attended the meeting of the International Monetary Fund in Washington had reason to feel grateful towards Mr Krushchev: nothing, not even the long-awaited advance to formal convertibility, came out of their meeting to justify a headline. Yet a great deal went on in the corridors. There seems, for example, to have been an informal understanding that consideration of the future of the dollar (and therefore of exchange rate questions in general) should be postponed for at least another year and that everyone should work together in the meantime to preserve the *status quo*. There seems to have been correspondingly strong pressure put on the Germans to produce something more than their usual protestations of good will and actually do something about their persistent surplus. The choice, if the D-mark is not to be revalued, lies between a smaller surplus (even New York finance houses are now suggesting that the Germans should have a shot at inflation) and a much more vigorous attempt to increase overseas investment. The difficulty is that German businessmen are now powerful enough to resist any change likely to damage their interests, that Dr Adenauer is interested in economic matters only as a facet of power politics, and that Dr Erhard, however loudly he threatens manipulation of the turnover tax, need no longer be regarded as a miracle-worker of importance. The £85m fund for providing long-term credits to underdeveloped countries, proudly announced by German industry this week as if to disarm all criticism, is a pathetically inadequate answer to the problem. What will be suggested next is uncertain, but the Central Bank will remain unwilling to cut interest rates until the boom and the threat of rising prices have been brought under control. Meanwhile the US, for all the recent improvement in its balance of payments, is still giving and lending more than it earns and the next administration, assuming that it refuses to cut foreign aid, will have to worry seriously about the status of the dollar.

This worry about status, rather than the risk of an international currency crisis, is the main feature of the present situation. Hot money is still pouring into Britain—the reserve rose by £33m in September, usually the worst month of the year, despite Mr Krushchev and the balance of payment figures—and the total may now amount to something between a quarter and third of the total reserve. Bank Rate may be brought down a little as soon as the government has shown itself a man over wage claims; and even if the reserve then drops sharply, the IMF is ready to prevent a disastrous run on sterling from developing. The danger is that the government may then feel impelled to adopt over-cautious policies at a time when the growth of world trade has ceased, and the US, though in a mild recession, is struggling to improve its balance of payments. The nightmare of competitive deflation is a little nearer now than it has been since the war; but the next president could still dismiss it with a single, vigorous speech.

* * *

The international oil companies are beginning to see the long-term implications of

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the surplus. The possibility of losing their grip on refining and distribution and being forced to join in a price-cutting war is unpleasant enough, but they are now threatened not only with a temporary drop in profits but with a permanent diminution of power. The producers, thrown together by the emergency, are now demanding that they, rather than the oil companies, should determine how prices and production should be adjusted to meet demand: the scheme which Sheikh Tariki of Saudi Arabia put forward in the spring for control of the market by the governments of producing countries is full of pitfalls, but the idea of such co-operation seems to have caught on, and the oil companies are in no position to resist even Venezuela, which has been warning them this week to keep their prices up. The new situation affects the UK balance of payments; the UK government itself may eventually decide that oil pricing policy is a matter of national interest.

* * *

Malta is forced to take a special interest in the affairs of C. H. Bailey, a Cardiff dry-docking and ship-repairing firm which is no more prosperous than others in the same line of business but which has taken over the Malta dockyards from the Admiralty. The greater part of the capital which Bailey has raised in the past year to finance its Malta project seems to have been put up by the pension fund of its Malta subsidiary: this has subscribed £340,000, partly for shares in the subsidiary, partly for non-voting shares in the parent – the latter at a price 50 per cent above the current market price. Bailey now proposes to harness fashion and give votes to its 'A' shares, compensating the holders of the Ordinary for their generosity with a sizeable tax-free distribution out of capital profits. The unusual feature of the proposal is that while the 'A' are now to have one vote per 1s stock, the Ordinary are to have 100 votes per 1s stock: the Ordinary, which appear to be largely held by the directors and their families, will still command 95 per cent of the votes with one-sixth of the capital, and the fact that the 'A' are now to be called Ordinary, the Ordinary 'B' is of no consequence whatever.

Company News

Glaxo has maintained its record for growth out of drugs by getting its profit up by a quarter to £7.3m: the dividend goes up from 14 to 18 per cent, and there is to be a 1-for-4 scrip issue. *Shell* is doubling its interim, but a closer spread between interim and final had already been forecast and the year's total is anyone's guess. *British Celilynd*, a packaging firm, is the latest to pass its dividend. *Rootes* is combining with Pressed Steel to build a new factory, to produce a small car, in Scotland: the extent of government help has not been disclosed but the total cost of the plant is put at £22m. US Bendix has sold its 7½ per cent share in *Elliot-Automation;* it held a third once, before Elliot began to expand, and it recently concluded an agreement with Ericsson Telephones to produce instruments in the U.K. *Wilmot Breeden*, the firm which spends the earth on funny ads to tell its half-dozen customers in the car industry that it makes car components, is raising £1.7m through a rights issue of its own eccentric sort – a convertible Preference.

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The Chess Board

No. 569. Tit For Tat

It is certainly edifying to watch the clear-cut sort of game in which one side or the other relentlessly exploits some positional advantage ultimately bound to force the win; but for the sheer thrill of it give me the hell-for-leather sort of game in which one man's wit is outwitted by the other's and blow met by counterblow. Here (Metzger-Tithmann, reported by Max Eisinger) is a case in point. /2r3k1/1r5p/b1kt1p1p1/p1Bp1p2/2qP1P2/R1P2BP1/R3PK1P/4Q3/. White played (1) P-K4!, and Black had only . . . R(1)-Kt1 to counter the threat of B-K2; the sequel being (2) PxQP, R-Kt7 ch; (3) RxR, RxR ch; (4) K-Kt1, Kt-K4!!; (5) BPxKt (forced), Q-Q6!; Three potent threats, but White finds the only counterblow (6) P-B4. After . . . Q-B7 White could have secured the draw by Q-K2; instead he blundered by (7) R-B3, QxRP ch; (8) K B1, P B5!!; now KtPxP would be refuted by . . . BxP ch etc, hence White played (9) B K2, BxP!; (10) RxB, Q-R8 ch; (11) K-B2, PxP ch and wins the Queen.

Now here (Trudov-Kasin, played in the USSR a few months ago) is a very pretty example of rather appalling risks taken triumphantly even is somewhat rashly and needlessly. /r2qk2r/1b2ppb1 /pp1p3p /2pP2P1 /2P1Kt3 /3Bkt1B1 / PP2Q1PP/R4RK1/. White played QxKt!?!, though R-B3 would have done quite well and safely, even if less elegantly.

. . . B-Q5; (2) KtxP ch, K-Q2 (forced); (3) B-B5 ch, P-K3; (4) BxP ch!, PxB; (5) R-B7 ch, Q-K2; (6) PxP ch, K-Q1; (7) KtxB ch, K-K1; (8) RxP ch, KxR; (9) B-Q6 ch, K-K1; (10) QxB, PxQ; (11) R-KB1, resigns.

And as a useful warning to avoid 'brilliancy' for its own sake, here's an instructive position quoted by Kurt Richter in *Schach*: /5R2/16/p1P4K/3k4/8/2rp4/3R4/. By (1) R-Q8 ch, K-K6; (2) RxP White could have won quite simply and safely, but so as to impress the gallery he wished to do it 'the other way round' and after (1) RxP ch, RxR; (2) R-Q8 ch he got the shock of his life when Black played . . . KxP and forced the draw a few moves later.

Finally, for a very pretty piece of tit-for-tat here's Grekov-Ilyin-Genevski (played forty years ago). /rr5k/3kt1Bpp/1qpbKt1P1/1b6/p2Pp2P/2Kt1Q3/1PP2P2/2KR3R/. White played (1) Q-R6! leaving Black the only resource . . . B-B5 ch; now after (2) QxB, B-Q6! it looked very much as if Black had scored an irresistible counter stroke; but White, unruffled, shoved his Queen back to R6 and calmly endured . . . QxKtP ch; (4) K Q2, QxP ch; (5) K-K3, whereupon Black had finished barking and White was left with the final bite.

The 4 pointer for beginners is a game position achieved in a Moscow simultaneous performance. Black played . . . B-K1 with what seemed to be some very potent threats. But White countered with even tougher blows and forced resignation in three moves. How? **B** (White to win) is a 'classic' and quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points. In **C** (for 7 points) Black plays . . . Q-Kt5 ch, the only move to stop White achieving immediate perpetual check. How can White force the draw none the less? Usual prizes. Entries by 17 October.

A: V. Goldberg 1960

B: L. van Vliet, 1888. /K7/1P6/k1q5/16/1Q6/16./.

C: T. Gorgiev, 1949. /8/r3q2r/p7/P5Kt1/5Q2/4p3/4P3/4K1k1/.

REPORT on No. 566. Set 17 September

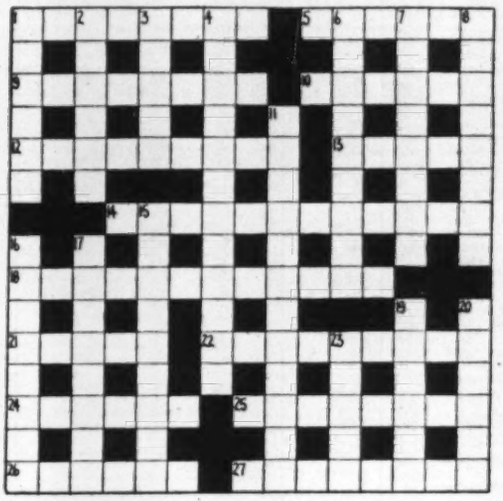
A: 1) R-K8!, QxR; 2) QxKt ch, K-Kt1; 3) B-R6 etc.
B: 1) . . . P-Kt5; 2) PxP, RxKt; 3) PxR, P-Kt6; 4) PxP, P-B5 ch 5) PxP, P-R6 etc.
C: 1) R-R7, R-K1; 2) P-Q7, R-K2; 3) P-Q6 etc. Or 1) . . R-R2; 2 PxP etc.

Easy enough and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, S. N. Collings, L. G. Kennion, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 426

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 426, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 18 October.



ACROSS

1. Sir John has half collapsed in front of his employees (8).
5. The goddess redistributes tithes (6).
9. Place which starts to colour with time (8).
10. The cad is missing from the road-block, leaving a playwright (6).
12. Mouth case as what is seen on the face (9).
13. Spoke about a page with taste (5).
14. Bread for one who works the handle with a coin (12).
18. I finish with a marriage certificate being embraced by a scientist in intimacy (12).
21. Bumper number (5).
22. Journalist who is a lover without a place for love (9).
24. 'Bare ruin'd ——, where late the sweet birds sang' (Shakespeare) (6).
25. The animal makes the insect run away (8).
26. Seat for a parson in town (6).
27. Instrument potentially for rest and play (8).

DOWN

1. A murderer's last wife, the plump matron embraces me (6).
2. Men's disposition (6).
3. Characteristic of the sun-god in a bird (5).
4. Covering for wood of two nationalities (12).
6. Educational appointments in capital vessels? (9).
7. The barrier has to deflect the weapon (8).
8. 'Who saw life ——, and saw it whole' (Arnold) (8).
11. Out of fish they form a distinctive pattern (12).
15. What Weller thought poetry was (9).
16. Right on the possible scene for crimes (8).
17. The hound makes a sound above the trees (8).
19. A piece of cricket for a rowing man (6).
20. Like Bunter but with something slender in the middle (6).
23. To live penniless would be all right (5).

Solution to No. 424

Prizewinners to No. 424

Michael V. Cassar (Malta)
R. G. Hamilton (Liverpool)
Miss W. M. Baker (London)

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION, DUBLIN

VACANCIES (10) FOR ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS

The competition will begin on 29 November 1960.

Age Limits – 21 years and under 26 years on 1 November 1960.
Essential Qualifications – First or Second Class Honours University Degree, or an equivalent. (Established Civil Servants also eligible subject to the usual conditions.)
Salary – £780 a year rising by increments to £1,100 a year (woman or unmarried man) or £1,360 a year (married man).
There are also children's allowances – £28 a year per dependent child.
An officer will be promoted to Assistant Principal, if suitable, after 7 years at the latest.
Competitive Tests – Essay, Précis and Interview. (Candidates will also be required to pass the following qualifying tests in Irish – a written test of Leaving Certificate Pass standard and an oral test.)
Application forms, Regulations and further details may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 45 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.
LATEST TIME FOR ACCEPTING COMPLETED APPLICN. FORMS: 5 p.m. ON 25 OCTOBER 1960.

YORK 'A' AND TADCASTER HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER in the York Mental Health Service. This well-established and still-developing Service is run jointly by the Hospital Management and the City of York Health Dept. The post includes an interesting range of work with in-patients, out-patients, community care and after care. The service is an integral part of Naburn and Bootham Park Hospital and therefore there is psychiatric support and consultation in all cases.
More detailed information may be had from the Senior Psychiatric Social Worker at the Mental Health Centre, 24 St Saviourgate, York, and prospective candidates are welcome to see round the departments.
Salary scale £740 x £25(2) x £30(7) to £1,000 per annum with Whitley Council Conditions of Service.
Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience and names of two referees to Group Secretary, Bootham Park, York.

SMALL progressive London Publisher requires: (a) Young Assistant Editor; (b) Illustrations Editor; (c) Secretary to Managing Director. Box 7651.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LOOK AFTER CHILDREN?

Many children today live in children's homes or special schools because their own parents cannot look after them or because of special difficulties. Staff are wanted who are willing (with domestic help) to give the affection, understanding and leadership needed by these children. There is particular need for men and women in the challenging and interesting work of approved schools for boys and girls committed by the Juvenile Court.
Twelve months training courses for this work are held in Birmingham, Cardiff, London, Kent and York. Women over 18, men over 21 and married couples can be considered. Experience with children in residence is required, or will be arranged before training. Grants are available to cover fees, maintenance and expenses.
Apply Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care (56N), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
HEALTH DEPARTMENT

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS are required for newly established mental health centres. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' scale. Travelling and subsistence allowances payable. Assisted car purchase scheme available in approved cases.
These centres are being established initially at Stafford and Lichfield, but service in any part of the county may be required. Not only will successful candidates have the opportunity of participating in an active child guidance service where they will be required to undertake the supervision of parents attending the child guidance clinic, but they will also have duties advising Mental Welfare Officers on the more complex psychiatric problems referred to them.
Apply, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc. and whether or not related to any member or senior officer of the County Council, giving names and addresses of three referees, to the County Medical Officer of Health, County Buildings, Stafford (from whom further details can be obtained).

T. H. EVANS,
Clerk of the County Council,
County Buildings, Stafford.

EDUCATIONAL Organiser Wanted. Organiser for East of Scotland (centre Edinburgh). Must be able to lecture on several NCLC subjects. Salary £645 rising to £750. Commencing rate dependent on qualifications and experience. Removal allowance; four weeks' annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Secy., National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Organisation, Administrative Assistant, drafting and subediting exp., knowledge European language or languages; £800 x 50 – £950. Box 7691.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
CHILD CARE OFFICER

Applications are invited from men for appointment as Child Care Officer, salary scale APTD II, £765 – £880 (under review). Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science, with special experience in the child care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 17 October 1960 to the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant (Female) to the Matron of Bodicote Lawn Children's Hostel, Banbury, which accommodates up to 15 emotionally disturbed junior children who attend local day schools. Salary will be within the scale £420 – £520 per annum with additional payment for any recognised diploma or certificate relating to child care. A deduction of £120 will be made for full residential emoluments.
Written application should be made to the under-signed giving age, experience, present post, when free to take up an appointment, and names and addresses of not less than 2 refs.

A. R. CHORLTON, Director of Education, County Offices, Oxford.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited from married couples for appointment at a home for nine school age children in Haywards Heath. Wife to act as Housemother (annual salary £420 – £520, plus £30 responsibility payment, less £120 for board residence); husband to follow normal employment but free board and lodging for some evening and weekend assistance. The appointment is superannuable and subject to medical examination. Full time resident assistant employed.
Application forms and particulars (s.a.e.) from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within fourteen days of this advertisement.

HILL END HOSPITAL
ST ALBANS, HERTS
(for mental and nervous disorders)

PSYCHOLOGIST required for three sessions per week for adult work at the above Hospital within easy reach of Central London. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Detailed applications with names of two referees to the Hospital Secretary as soon as possible.

VOLUNTARY youth organisation requires full-time Assistant to assist clubs with development and new projects. Write for particulars to:— The Secretary, Glasgow Association of MC & GC, 2 Park Circus Place, Glasgow, C3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESBROUGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE
THORNTREE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Appointment of Warden

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN. This is the first appointment to a new Centre which will be fully equipped and furnished and which is situated in the centre of a post-war housing estate. The salary for a person holding an approved qualification will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale for qualified teachers; for a person not so qualified, the commencing salary will be determined according to age and experience and rise by annual increments of £27 10s. to a maximum of £900 per annum. Application form and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Offices, Woodlands Road, Middlesbrough. Closing date: 17 October.

ST JOHN'S AND MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

ST JOHN'S HOSPITAL, STONE, AYLESBURY, BUCKS.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER or SOCIAL WORKER. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Psychiatric Hospital with 865 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St. John's Hospital, forthwith.

ST EBBA'S AND BELMONT HOSPITAL GROUP

Applications are invited for two posts of basic grade clinical psychologist. One of these posts will be assigned to St Ebba's Hospital, Epsom, and the other to Belmont and Henderson Hospitals. Applicants should have an honours degree in psychology together with the requisite postgraduate training or experience. Whitley Council salaries and conditions apply. Applications, stating qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Sutton, Surrey, not later than 21 October 1960.

BURNLEY Council of Social Service and Citizens' Advice Bureau. Organising Secretary (man or woman) required for the above Council. Salary scale £610 by £30 to £765; Social Workers' Pension Scheme. Applications, with names and addresses of two referees, to the Hon. Secretary, 183 Coal Clough Lane, Burnley, Lancs, not later than seven days after this advertisement appears.

ASSISTANT Housemother reqd immed. Burgess Hill School. ELStree 3560.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the appointment of a well-qualified assistant (man or woman) to the Education Secretary, primarily for organising and tutorial duties, some travelling. Starting salary, £1,000, or according to qualifications/experience in education or social science, with increments. Children's allowance and superannuation scheme. Application form and details from the Education Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 58 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

DURHAM COUNTY ASSOCIATION OF MIXED CLUBS & GIRLS' CLUBS.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of County Organiser for the above Association. Initiative and experience of youth club work. Scope for ideas and development plans. Salary £750. Car allowance. Contributory Pension Scheme.

Apply stating age, qualifications and experience to: The Chairman, Hallgarth House, Hallgarth St, Durham. Closing date 22 October 1960.

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BBC requires Assistant in Central Establishment Office, where the work is concerned with organisation, procedure, methods of work, staffing and post grading throughout the Corporation. It involves visits to all types of departments, personal interviews with staff to obtain details of their work, assessment of evidence, and preparation of reports. The work requires judgement, initiative and tact, good educational background, preferably up to University degree standard, wide interests and an objective, analytical and creative outlook. Knowledge of broadcasting, or experience in administration, work study, or operational research an advantage. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. 60.G.484 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, Ldn, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Programme Organiser, French, for Africa, to be responsible for daily broadcast programme in French to French-speaking territories of West and Equatorial Africa. Duties include planning and production of programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff concerned with translation and broadcasting of news bulletins, talks, commentaries and feature programmes in French. Qualifications: general knowledge of international and African affairs and good command of written and spoken French. Journalistic or broadcasting experience and first-hand knowledge of some of the territories concerned and their peoples would be advantages, but not essential. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. 60.G.494.N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, Ldn, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications for Reserve List of Serbo/Croat Monitors (based at Caversham, near Reading), to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents for news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Serbo/Croat together with another Balkan language, or French, Italian or German, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.473. N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Welfare Department. Applications invited from persons with genuine interest in handicapped people, including the blind, for Social Worker General Assistants (full or part-time), to assist trained social workers in home visiting and in organisation of day clubs and social centres for which knowledge of handicrafts is an advantage. Experience not essential. Early prospects of promotion if qualified. £590 x 4 annual increments to £740 (pro-rata for part-time), commencing salary according to qualifications and experience, if under 24 with less than three years approved experience minimum of scale is abated by £25 for each year. Forms, returnable by 17 October, from Chief Officer, Welfare Department, (SWC/NS/2569/10), County Hall, SE1.

BBC invites applications for post of Spanish, Portuguese, French and/or Italian Monitor (based at Caversham, near Reading), and also for reserve list to provide candidates for future vacancies. Applicants must have idiomatic knowledge of at least two of the languages. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.491 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

GOVERNMENT Information Services. Pensionable posts for men and women as (a) Principal Information Officer (b) Senior Information Officer (c) Information Officer (d) Assistant Information Officer in the Central Office of Information and other Government Departments, requiring good standard of general education, lively interest in current affairs, wide general knowledge, and experience in one or more of: general publicity work; journalism; book, magazine, or picture editing; proof reading; preparation of reference material; social research; arranging and conducting tours; design and organisation of exhibitions; art and design; documentary film work; production of radio tapes; translating; print production. Good publicity sense and organising ability essential. Knowledge of Government organisation an advantage. London salary scales (men): (a) £1,950-£2,250; (b) £1,490-£1,850; (c) £1,205-£1,415; (d) £447 10s. (at 18) to £755 (at 25) rising to £1,140. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 76/60. Closing date 1 November 1960.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+) – qualified masters required for – (a) Mechanics (graded post, allowance £90), (b) General subjects (particularly history and geography). Burnham P. & S. salary scale £520 × £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London allowance £38 or £51; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary (FE.3A/NS/2502/10) Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 21 October 1960.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers preferably with social science qualification required as assistant mental welfare officers to be members of teams of mental health social workers in the nine health divisions of the county under immediate direction of the divisional mental welfare officer. Duties comprise community care of mentally disordered of all types and ages and provide good opportunities for individual case work. Promotion prospects. £625 – £830 under review, according to qualifications and experience. Married women eligible. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/NS/2535/10), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 19 October.

CHILDREN'S Inspector: Home Office. Pensionable post for man or woman at least 28 on 1.8.60. Candidates must have wide experience of work with young people and of present-day social conditions; sympathetic understanding of the problems of children and young persons and knowledge of remedial measures also essential. Experience of residential establishments an advantage. Preference given to candidates with a university degree, or appropriate diploma or certificate, or other recognised training in social or educational work. Salary (men) £1,265-£1,580. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5214/60. Closing date 31 October 1960.

CHILD Care Officer (Woman) with experience required for Home Counties area, holding Social Science and/or HO Certificate Child Care. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistence allowances. Appointment, according to experience, within APT Grades I/II (£610-£880), plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, education, qualifications, and experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, London, WC1.

CLUBS Adviser. Pioneer three-year appointment with National Old People's Welfare Council for man or woman to help develop clubs and leisure time activities for the elderly. Experience club work and ability to drive essential. Initially based on NW England. £850 – £900 plus travelling expenses if own car used: £800 – £850 if Council provides car. SAE marked 'Clubs Adviser' for further particulars and application form to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 1 November 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Dept. (1) Assistant Youth Employment Officer (male) reqd at Twickenham, including Teddington Youth Employment Bureaux. Good education essential, exper. in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary APT I £645-£815 plus London Weighting up to £40 p.a. Commencing salary to be determined having regard to ability, quals and exper. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, SW1 returnable by 17 October. (2) Applications invited from persons with training and exper. for following posts in Willesden: – (a) Part-time Leader (male); (b) Part-time Assistant Leader (female); Jewish Youth Clubs; (c) Part-time Assistant Leader (female) for Mixed Club. Remuneration p. evening 35s. or 29s. 6d. for post (a) and 22s. for posts (b) and (c). Full particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from the Borough Education Office, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 17 October (Quote E519NS&N).

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accommodation & clerical assistance available. Offers scope & interest in this field of psychiatric social work. There is an establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers, and a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Case-work consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for the newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5, & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 28 October. (Quote E.499NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Dept. Psychotherapist (full or part-time) reqd at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane, N17. Hons degree in Psychology with recognised post-graduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Therapy essential. Salary (full-time) £1,290-£1,560 (male): £1,271-£1,532 (female) (Part-time pro-rata or £2 15s. 6d. per 3 hour session if 19 hrs p. wk or less). Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 31 October. Candidates who applied in response to last advertisement need only refer to their applications. (Quote E.471NS).

WEST Middlesex Hospital. Department of Psychiatry. Senior Clinical Psychologist required for Child Psychiatry Unit for 3 sessions per week. Vacant 1 November. Candidate must hold honours degree in psychology or recognised equivalent. Duties consist mainly of child psychotherapy and preference will be given to candidates who have a recognised training in child psychotherapy and who are members of the Association of Child Psychotherapists. The department is psychoanalytically orientated and offers a wide range of clinical experience, particularly with children suffering from psychosomatic disorders. Whitley salary scale. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and names of referees to Hospital Secretary, West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth, Middlesex.

PSYCHOLOGISTS (two) full- or part-time, required for work involving cognitive testing and interviewing in conjunction with welfare officer to the deaf taking part in National Institute for the Deaf survey of the problems of deaf school leavers. Further particulars from Secretary, NID, 105 Gower St, London, WC1, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

HERTFORDSHIRE. St Christopher School, Letchworth. Vacancy in January for (1) Physical Education Master responsible for the boys' PE throughout the school. Main games Soccer and Cricket. An interesting, demanding and rewarding post, with scope for development. (2) Housemaster and Housemistress of 'Little Arundale' (35 children aged 9-12). A married couple, the husband holding also a teaching appointment in the school (not necessarily PE, though that would be a convenient combination). Further particulars sent on request. Burnham Scale, Government Superannuation. Applications to the Headmaster.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of tutor-organiser for South Lindsey (Lincs). Applicants should have a degree in subjects appropriate to adult education, preferably English and History. Salary scale (which is being revised) £650 x £50 x £1,200. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to experience and qualifications. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

DESPATCH Department of print publishing house in London requires intelligent and educated assistant for preparing orders and invoicing. Knowledge of typing essential. Box 7790.

WEST Country. Architect required, retired or practising, willing undertake planning and supervision of reconstruction of Period Country Properties. Box 7341.

SAFFRON Walden Training College, Essex. Required 1 January 1961, or as soon as possible, a Senior Assistant to Domestic Bursar to be responsible for the organisation of work of daily cleaners and to work with and to represent the Domestic Bursar. A trained older person is sought who can take responsibility, previous experience taken into consideration in fixing salary on scale (or at maximum) £500 x £25 – £650, with vacation living bonus and full residential emoluments. Pensionable post. Particulars from and applications to the Registrar.

JOURNALIST wanted for unusual PR task. German language and experience industrial, commercial reporting essential. Regular European travel to find material for news and feature stories. Applications will be treated in strictest confidence. Apply Box 7738.

NURSES (qualified or unqualified). Money for Marmalade! Come and nurse our old blind folk. You will love them and our enchanting Surrey countryside. Luxurious living quarters. Pay considerably above Whitley Scale. Don't all rush at once! Contact Matron, 'Rokefield', Westcott, Nr Dorking, Surrey. Tel. Westcott 13.

CHARTERED Accountants require experienced clerk to deal with Statutory work of private companies and assist with writing up books to trial balance stage. Experience in dealing with PAYE matters would be useful. Position would suit a semi-retired person or part-time basis would be considered. Apply: M. G. Gee, Secretary, Whitehall Court, SW1.

LATIN tutor wanted. Boy requires two evenings coaching per week for GCE. South West London. Box 7778.

SOCIAL Medicine Research Unit of the Medical Research Council have vacancy for Secretary. Salary within range £576-£768, depending on qualifications and experience. Superannuation. Please write to Unit Director, London Hospital Research Laboratories, Ashfield Street, London, E1.

A SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required for work in a Trade Union Office; pleasant building standing in its own grounds. Good education and ability to use initiative essential: age between 22 and 30. Commencing salary £9 3s. 6d., rising to £10 after a maximum period of 12 months followed by two annual increments up to a maximum of £12 12s. Five-day, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Canteen facilities, non-contributory pension scheme. Write Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, Hanger Lane, London, W5.

MULTILATERAL for the UN but unilateral for you at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, where tea, a chat and a job await you. 114 Holborn, EC1, next door to Gamages. HOL. 0390.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist required as Personal Secretary to Trade Union Officer. Interesting work, requires good speeds and initiative. 5-day week. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. Normal 4 weeks' annual leave. Scale of pay £10 19s. x 10s. – £13 9s. per week. Apply by telephone CHA. 2991 for appointment.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY to Headmistress required in November, girls' independent school. Full particulars sent on application. Badminton School, Bristol, 9.

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THE G.K. Bureau has been established to guarantee executives continuous secretarial services. Tel. LAN. 2182.

CHAMBERMAID wanted for small country hotel. The Bell Inn, Aston Clinton 384 (Bucks).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MOTHER, baby in nursery, urgently needs work 9-4.30/5 Chelsea/Kensington area. Can drive and type. Box 7751.

HUNGRY African Barrister ejected Chambers Cape Town, desp. needs any kind of afternoon/night work. Box 7715.

ECON. Grad. studying law and Internat. affairs, office exp. and able type seeks suitable work. Full/part-time. Box 7741.

MALE Sec. exp. sh/typ., MSS/proof rdg, sks post, publr, author. Box 7661.

FOOD AND DRINK

ADVERTISER equipped with bottle-opener, two glasses and discriminating palate seeks partnership with person possessing large stock of superb El Cid Amontillado Sherry.

LECTURE CRSES, etc. – contd from p.548

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 7577.

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SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

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SCHOOL

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' is three years old this week! 200,000 members of the Consumers' Association receive 'Which?' each month and read CA's factual reports on the value for money of services and goods, based on scientific tests. 'Which?' is published by CA on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

LABOUR Monthly. The Case Against Nuclear Weapons, J. E. Mortimer; Nationalisation of Insurance, Frank Crump; The US Elections, Herbert Aptheker. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

HOW new is the 'New Left'? Arnold Kettle writes on the outlook and social basis of the 'New Left' in 'Marxism Today', October. Also James Klugmann on peaceful co-existence and peaceful transition to Socialism; and A. Kharchev on The Family and Communism. From Central Books, 37 Grays Inn Road, London, WC2. 1s. 8d. post free.

RACISM – The Social Cancer of Our Time!! Read about the roots of this modern disease, and how it can be eradicated, in the October edition of the UNESCO 'Courier', now on sale at Zwemmers Bookstore, Charing Cross Rd, London, WC2. Price 1s.

FRENCH scholarly books always wanted. Also long runs of periodicals on literature, history, linguistics, science, etc. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St, Ldn, SW1. VIC. 1583.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR, we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CALLING ALL SKIERS!

Let Winter Sports experts help you to choose the best centres at the lowest price. Our Booklet contains a great variety of party and freelance suggestions for skiers of all standards. Details of our Film Shows & Ski-mobile Trails from ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

WINTER HOLIDAYS WITH ETA

Educational Travel Association has produced a new booklet giving details of many inexpensive Winter Sports holidays and winter tours to Italy and Greece. Free copy available from Dept C, ETA Tours, 207 Victoria St, London, SW1. Tel. VIC. 4826/8 (opp. Victoria Station).

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

HOSTS – Winter sports abroad from £21 10s. for 11 days. Details: Hosts Ltd, 108 Horseferry Rd, SW1. ABB. 6263.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

PERSONAL

12-YEAR-OLD girl needs a warm, affectionate Jewish home to grow up in. Due to difficult early background, she now needs security and skilful handling. Adequate payment made. Please write to: Area Children's Officer, Area 5 (NDO/NS/2619/10), 124-128 Bethnal Grn Rd, E2.

WILL someone living in Essex please offer a home to two sisters, 14 yrs and 12 yrs? Warm, sociable personalities, but the younger is rather shy. Adequate payment made. Please write Area Children's Officer, (NDO/NS/2499/10), 124/128 Bethnal Green Rd, E2.

YOUNG lady requires warm accommodation anywhere Central London; in exch. would type corres., baby-sit. Box 7551.

EDUCATED girl with son of 3 wants accom. in exchange services. Box 7194.

UNMARRIED mother, daughter (coloured) 2½, seeks another similar to find/share flat. Box 7565.

PAKISTANI free-thinking (m., 23) wishes to live or share with English people or family, W. London. ARN. 5539 evgs.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) au pair (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

YNG Brit. writer & Amer. actor-producer wd like to meet yng photog. with 16 mm. camera for exp. filming. Money no object – we've got none. Box 7712.

YOUNG man seeks ditto NS reader Autumn holiday UK. Box 7743.

ENJOY a good film and make new friends by joining the LOS Film Society, 154 Bayswater Road, W2. Showing 21 October, 'The 39 Steps'.

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visaphone French, German, Russian (soon) £8 11s. Interpret Holiday Courses £3 12s. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish, German 37s. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

FRANCE. Excellent families personally visited and recommended will receive English boys or girls as paying guests Christmas, term-time. Further details from Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Rd, NW3.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping. Dept NS, 94 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3. Sloane Sq. KEN. 7201. Club attached

RESIDENTIAL Children's Nursery, Mrs H. Hawksley Ayris, Clements Hall, Hockley, Essex. Hockley 22. Estab. 25 yrs. Under medical supervision. Mod. terms.

BALLET, modern, creat., educational to develop mind, body. Classes for Adults, Children. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd, Regents Park, NW1. GUL. 6822.

BRITISH Association Granada Lectures, 1960. A limited number of tickets are still available for the third lecture, to be given in the Guildhall, London at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 11 October by Lord Adrian. Apply immediately: BA Granada Lectures, 36 Golden Sq, W1. Requests will be dealt with in strict rotation.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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4½% interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers through The New Hermes Building Society, East Twickenham, Middlesex. Chairman, Anthony Marlowe, MP.

PERSONAL—continued

NURSES (qualified or unqualified). Money for Marmalade! Come and nurse our old blind folk. You will love them and our enchanting Surrey countryside. Luxurious living quarters. Pay considerably above Whitley Scale. Don't all rush at once! Contact Matron, 'Rokefield', Westcott, Nr Dorking, Surrey. Tel. Westcott 13.

MONTH in Vienna: Viennese couple (not young) receive couple in their villa incl. cook, maid, butler, gardener, in exchange for London accommodation for one month starting mid-Oct. Cable Angolus Vienna or Telex 01-2460.

POSSIBILITIES of the Film' 4-7 Nov. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Prophets of the Past: Isaiah'. Send a card for programmes.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

WANT to Write? Then you want Know-How! No Sales – No fees training means writing success for you. Benefit also from The Writer, plus two practical writing encyclopaedias – free! Send for Free N3 Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition). BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WRITE for Profit and Make a Second Income in Spare Time. Send for free 24-page booklet, which tells how you can sell articles, stories, etc. to a very wide market (1750 editors have bought RI students' work). The Regent Institute (Dept T/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd., 36 Brooke St, EC1. CHA. 3588.

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CARAVEL Press Christmas Cards on show 11 Moxon St, Marylebone, W1 HUN 0492

RELIEF printed Notepaper of good quality. 3d. stamp for samples from Brown Bros., 6 West Road, Irvine, Ayrshire.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2, TEM. 2545.

POEMS wanted: send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

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ATTRACT. & comf. furn. single & dble rms, Harper cooker & h. & c. wash basins in every room. Linen provided & service. 50 Lexham Gdns, W8. FRE. 8034, & 112 Cromwell Rd, W8. FRE. 3990.

CONTEMP. furn. sunny s/c. flat in Georgian house, 3 rms, k., b., tel., frig. Pleas. sit. NW3 adj. Heath, bus stop. Long let 7 gns; free 1 Nov. Box 7709.

2 YOUNG ladies to share with 2 others in spacious s/c. flat. CAN. 3942 aft. 6.

HAMPSTEAD nr Tube: bright, newly converted bed-sit., h. & c., ckg facs. £3. MAI. 4583 before 10 a.m.

MUSWELL Hill. Dble rm & kit. Suit one or two ladies. TUD. 0651 after 7.

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GIRL student seeks room, breakfast, supper with family, Mon.-Fri., Regent's Park-Camden Town area. Box 7754.

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ACCOM. urgently reqd for West African students. Please write Box 7721.

MALE music student reqs accom. with family, accessible Baker St. Box 7777.

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks flat, N. London, nr Northern Line, or central. TID. 2266/19 daytime, MOU. 6836 evngs.

SEMI-furn./unfurn. rm with Spac. attic or sim. Mod. rent apprec. Box 7646.

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PROF. lady, 28, seeks share furn. flat easy access Baker St. Box 7749.

NIGERIAN couple urgently require single room flat, or bed-sitter with separate kitchen. Up to 8 gns. Okoro, 115 Canfield Gardens, NW6. Tel. MAI. 2656.

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UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 perfs. 'Lady Audley's Secret' and Music Hall. Every night 11-16 Oct. 'Ragged Trousered Philanthropists'. 7.45. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns & 11 October). Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film Season: Until 9 Oct.: 'The Seven Samurai' (X). From 10 Oct.: 'The Rickshaw Man' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet. Sat. 8 October, 8-11 p.m. Members 5s. Guests 7s. 6d. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, illustrated catalogue 2s. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Leaflet of Ganymed Greetings Cards sent on request.

BRITISH Gardening Books, 1572-1960. An Exhibition 4-15 October 1960 at The Times Bookshop, Wigmore St, London, W1. WEL. 3781. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Opening of New Premises – 2 Exhibitions: Van Gogh Self-Portraits; French Masters of the 19th Century. 5 Oct.-3 Nov. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12. Adm. 3s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid of Central British Fund for Jewish Relief and Rehabilitation.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. André Bicat – Paintings and Etchings. Chien-Ying Chang Water-colours. Krishen Khanna. First exhibition in England.

LYONEL Feininger Memorial Exhibition. City of York Art Gallery. 6 Oct.-5 Nov. Weekdays 10-5, Sundays 2.30-5.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Sanders. Till 12 Oct. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Pajetta & Bernard Dunstan: Recent paintings. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1). Closing 14 Oct.

MOLTON Gallery – Gillian Ayres – Paintings, Anthea Alley – Sculpture, until 22 October. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Important paintings by Jawlensky (from the 'Blauen Reiter' Group. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 October.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. Gabriele Münter paintings – 1903 onwards. One of principal contributors to Blaue Reiter Group. Closes 14 Oct. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Matter Painting. Until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery: Richard Beer, Etchings of Rome. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660. Until 29 Oct.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar – Sculpture. Until 18 November. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WILTON Gallery, 2 Motcomb St, Belgrave Sq. SW1. BEL. 1762. Recent Paintings by Frederick Könekamp, 15-29 October, 1960. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

CENTENARY Exhibition of the Work of Sir Charles Barry, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W1. 10-22 October. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Admission free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Till 11 Oct: pntgs by Nieman; 13-24 Oct: paintings by Tate. 10-6.

STONEWARE by Zoe Ellison and John Dan. Private View 10 Oct. Exhibition from 11-22 October. Daily 9.30-5.30, Sats. 9.30-1 p.m. Primavera, 149 Sloane St, SW1.

NIGERIAN Tribal Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 5 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Sculpture: Adam Tessier. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

BLUE Rider Group. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

MANZU. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 6 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

FREE Painters Group – 8th Annual Exhibition 3-22 October – Walkers Galleries, 118 New Bond Street, W1. 10-5, Sats. 10-1. Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. CAN. 7693. East London New Painters. Until 22 Oct.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Anthony Harrison – Paintings. Until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings 1959-60 Derrick Greaves Until 14 Oct.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, Little Venice, W9. Nearest Tube Warwick Ave. – walk up Clifton Villas to wall & turn right. Impressionist Paintings by John Wynne-Morgan. Every day inc. Sun. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. until 30 Oct.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NLR CLUB

Monday, 10 October, PARTISAN Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

Report back by Stuart Hall, Charles Taylor and others. 8 p.m. Members 1s., non-members 1s. 6d.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Christopher Rowland reports on Scarborough. Crown P.H., B'heath Village, 8 p.m. Fri. 14 Oct.

DEBATE on Unilateral Nuclear Disarmament; at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3; Sat. 8 Oct. at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FIRST ALL-AFRICAN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE

12, 13, 14 October

Central Hall, Westminster, SW1.

Inaugural speech by

DR KWAME NKRUMAH

on 12 October at 9.30 a.m.

Public invited to Inaugural Meeting Grand Dance St Pancras Town Hall 14 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Thinking of Young Children' will be delivered by Professor J. Piaget (Geneva) at 5.15 p.m. on 17 October at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2 p.m. 11 Oct. 'Eclipse of the Sun' by Professor C. W. Allen; 13 Oct. 'Immortality' by Mr R. A. Wollheim. Admn free. Details of public lectures from Publications Office (send stamped envelope).

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Bargaining in French Industrial Relations' will be delivered by Professor F. Sellier (Aix-Marseille) at 5 p.m. on 13 October at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'The Labour Party Conference 1960', a report by Anthony Wedgwood Benn, MP. Wed. 12 Oct., 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

UNITED Nations Association Chelsea Branch. 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1 at 8 p.m. on Monday, 10 October 1960. 'United' Nations Organisation: It's Aims and Achievements' by Mrs D. Lipsey from United Nations Assoc. Headquarters.

'THE Science of Christianity' by John L. Morgan. Six free public lectures. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Thursdays 7.30 p.m. 13 Oct.: Basic Thinking & Purposeful Living. 20 Oct.: Christianity: Religion or Science? 27 Oct.: Spiritual Science & the Senses. 3 Nov.: A Self-operative Science of Spiritual Values. 10 Nov.: The Impersonal Saviour. 17 Nov.: Body & Scientific Truth-healing.

TED Willis lectures on Writing for Television and Films at first new season meeting of Society of Australian Writers. Non-members very welcome. 3s. 6d. including sherry before, coffee after, at Australia House (Strand), 7.30, Thursday, 13 Oct.

ADLERIAN Society Inaugural Lecture, 'Social Change and Anomie': Lewis Way, Mon. 10 October, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Non-members welcome. 2s. 6d.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 9 Oct. Prof. T. H. Pear: 'Humanists, Psychologists and the Individual'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 11 Oct. C. Ogwurike: 'The New State of Nigeria'. Open discussion. Write free literature.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 12 Oct., 6.30, 'Aspects of Buddhism', Ven. Paññavaddho Bhikkhu. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea), 15 Oct. 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 9 Oct., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Education in USA Today': M. Roshwald.

IWC. Public Lecture. Free. Swami Ghanananda: Religion in Modern India. 8.30 Fri. 14 Oct. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

PERSONALIST Group: J. B. Coates on 'The Higher Immorality', Conway Hall, Thursday, 13 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dr Luis Solé Sabarís on 'Algunos problemas y aspectos geográficos del Pirineo' on 14 October at 6 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PAR. 7696. Fri. 7 Oct. 8 p.m. Frank Granville Barker (Ed. 'Plays & Players'): 'Chekhov' by E. Ilyine, reading by G. Lea, RADA student. Tues. 11 Oct. 8 p.m. Arnold Haskell: 'Places and People' (1st Visit to Sov. Russia). Fri. 14 Oct. 8 p.m. Dr Francis Seton: 'Soviet Economic Outlook'.

PROGRESSIVE League. Psychology Group: Dr M. Carstairs, 'Survey of Mental Health'. 9 Oct., 7.15 p.m. 109 Lancaster Gate, W2. For details of other meetings & social activities in October, send s.a.e. to: Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

NEW Jewish Society — Wednesday 12 October. No Meeting —Succoth.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 13 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'The Form of Religion Needed by the Modern World'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 9 Oct. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Rose Edwards: 'Pacifism & Christianity'.

'THEOSOPHY and the Child'. Public lecture, 9 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queens Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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28-30 October (Weekend).

POVERTY AND PLENTY IN THE MODERN WORLD

18-20 November (Weekend).

Apply for further details and full winter programme to the Secretary, Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures entitled 'Political and Ideological Contrasts in the Age of Caesar'; (1) 'Caesar and Contemporary Roman Society'; (2) 'Sallust's (?) Second Letter to Caesar and the Judicial Persecutions in Pompey's Third Consulate'; (3) 'The Policy of Brutus the Tyrannicide' will be delivered by Professor E. Wistrand (Gothenburg) at 5.30 p.m. on 18, 20 and 21 October at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admn free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

CONFRONTATION of Religions' ten lectures, Dr. E. G. Parrinder, MA, begins 11 Oct., 6.30 p.m., World Congress of Faiths, 23 Norfolk Square. London, W2. PAD. 9820.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Weekend School, Cliftonville 14-16 Oct. Transport Problems. Speakers include W. T. Rodgers, Colin Jones. Fee £2 17s. 6d., coach (optional) 12s. 6d. Few places left. Apply Mary Ricketts, 84a Philbeach Gdns, SW5. FRO. 3605.

RUSSIAN Classes at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Mon. 6.30-8, Inter.; Wed. 6.30-8, Beginners; Fri. 6.30-8, Inter., & 6.30-8, Advanced Conversation & Literature. Apply to The Sec., PARk 7696.

DIPLOMEE London University gives Russian lessons, Beginners especially. W8 district. Box 7713.

FREE Trial – New Method of learning conversational French. Courses start week beginning 10 October. Phone: St James's Academy. HYD 6524 for details.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005 All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPANISH conversation Special week-end crses: idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Academia Britanica 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.547

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